Chronicles

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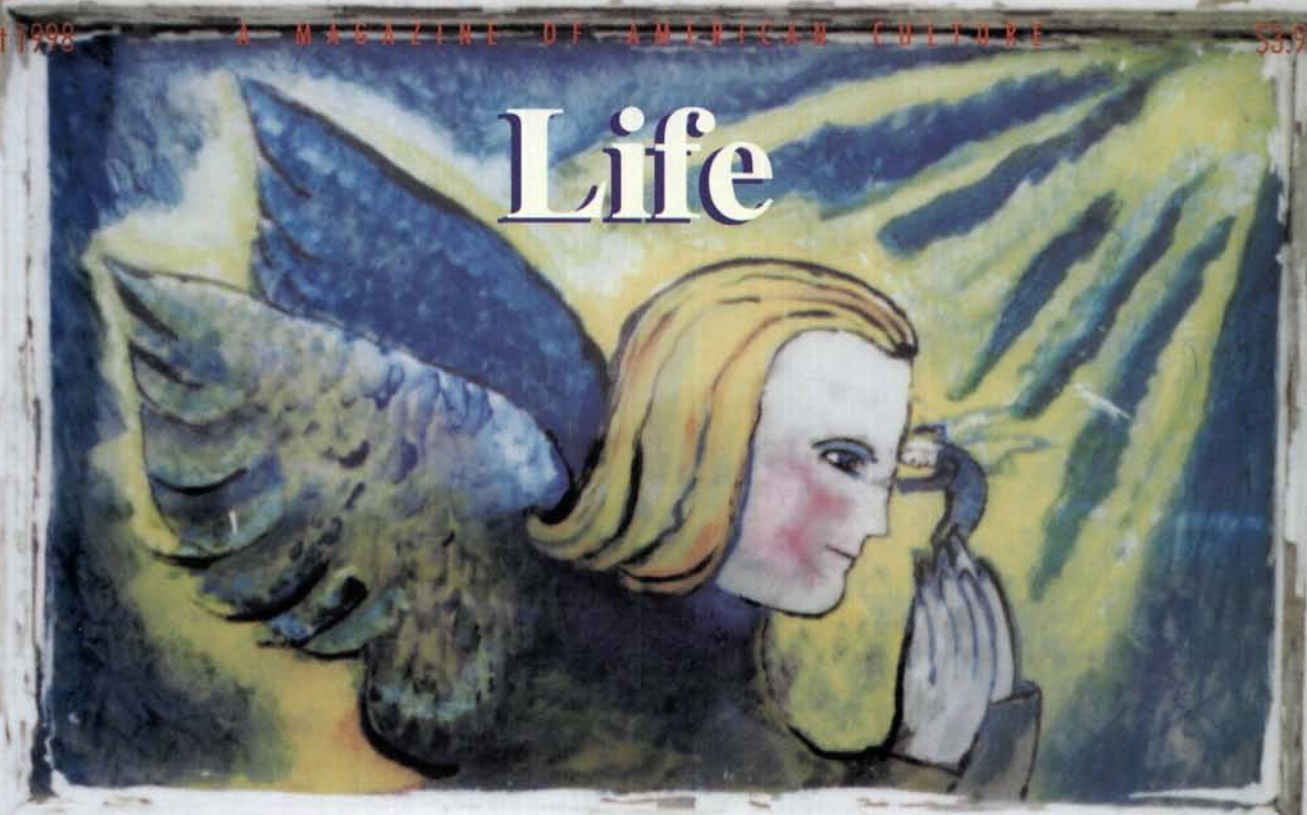

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

PERSPECTIVE

How Thomas Rent the Seamless Garment 10
by Thomas Fleming

Measuring life's worth.

VIEWS

Fighting Words by Harold O.J. Brown 14
Abortion and civility.

The Dark, Dark Wood of Suicide by Bill Murchison 17
The sanctity of life.

Why Does Suicide Have a Bad Reputation? 20
by Ernest van den Haag
The right-to-die argument.

OPINIONS

Beautiful Afternoons by Chilton Williamson, Jr. 24
John Lukacs: *A Thread of Years*.

The suicide of the West.

Deconstructing America by Samuel Francis 27
John J. Miller: *The Unmaking of Americans: How Multiculturalism Has Undermined the Assimilation Ethic*.

Pro-immigration conservatism.

REVIEWS

Albert S. Lindemann has touched raw nerves in 30
Esau's Tears: Modern Anti-Semitism and the Rise of the Jews, reports **Paul Gottfried** ◆ **Frank Brownlow** recommends *Birthday Letters* by Ted Hughes ◆ Mary Jane Phillips-Matz shows in *Rosa Ponselle: American Diva* that "The Voice" was someone other than Frank Sinatra, writes **J.O. Tate** ◆

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Montana: The Freemen Trial 35
by Uri Dowbenko

Letter From Rome: Supply and Demand 36
by Andrei Navrozov

VITAL SIGNS

GOVERNMENT: Desert Storm Troopers 38
by Marc Morano

A Global IRS? 40
by Cliff Kincaid

POLITICS: Moonie Gold 42
by Paul Gottfried

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: Lebed in Siberia 43
by Denis Petrov

SOCIETY: Of Steak and Suicide 44
by Scott P. Richert

ECONOMICS: Perpetual War for Perpetual Commerce by Bob Djurdjevic 46

REGIONALISM: Maryland, the South's Forgotten Cousin by Joyce Bennett 48

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 5

POETRY
Refrains 22
by R.S. Gwynn

Keeping Up With the News 34
by Harold McCurdy

ON THE COVER

Cover and inside illustrations by Anna Mycek-Wodecki.

AUGUST 1998/3

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A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On Plagiarism and Publishing

Theodore Pappas's depressing tale ("The Life and Times of the King Plagiarism Story," May) of having his *Plagiarism and the Culture War* rejected by some 40 publishers only begins to reveal the sorry state of today's highly selective "information explosion." Even all the other doleful *Chronicles* articles recounting the horrors of publishing constitute a mere beginning. There is a part omitted—the ease of "them" getting into print compared to "us." Visit any decent bookstore or scan a publisher's catalogue and one will see that "they" outnumber "us" by at least ten to one, perhaps more. Virtually every university press has a series devoted to "queer" subjects, while pro-Marxist books continue to issue from respectable houses as if the Evil Empire were about to triumph. *Publishers Weekly* (September 30, 1996) offered an *incomplete* listing of 123 *new* fall books on gay and lesbian topics. Meanwhile, my Conservative Book Club entices me with a diet of "get rich quick" schemes and similar offerings of modest intellectual content. A two-volume review of Marxist academic scholarship by Marxists themselves (hardly an upbeat crowd) was downright celebratory regarding the proliferation of books from respectable houses and fresh journals galore. *The International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses 1997-1998* lists under "Lesbianism" 78 separate journals and 58 presses specializing in this subject (that's 58 *presses*, not books). Interestingly, no entry existed for "Conservative."

It is easy to dismiss this leftist outpouring with the usual "somebody is always willing to publish *dreck*, so what else is new?" After all, even worse stuff outsells this rubbish 100 to 1. But what is critical is not the dismal sales of books like *Wolf Girls at Vassar: Lesbian & Gay Experiences, 1930-1990* (St. Martin's). The significance of this avalanche is that it becomes the currency used to purchase the academy. It makes no difference if the nonsense is bought, read, or understood. As leftists of all stripes seek professorial jobs and eventually tenure, they are asked to provide scholarly publications as their admission ticket. With armies of anxious-to-please presses and specialized journals needing new material from a relative handful of "scholars," academic advancement is a snap. And what dean is willing to announce that this dreary, turgid babble is not "authentic scholarship"? Why risk being deconstructed in full public view? Meanwhile, those who profess "dangerous" conservative ideas are asked for two forms of picture ID plus a birth certificate if they insist on paying with cash. It is no wonder that the academy has fallen so quickly to the left—they print their own money.

This is even more remarkable if one stops to think that "we" supposedly have the power and money (and the numbers and the correct answers, to boot). Can any group of smart, talented people be this inept? Obviously yes. Where's the vast right-wing conspiracy when we really need it? Certainly not in publishing.

Theodore Pappas's experiences raise some deeply troubling questions about taking care of our own. Perhaps he should title his third edition *Martin Luther King as Martin Luther Queen: The Crisis of Textual Deviancy in the Modern Hero*. If our society can have a *Hothead Paisan: Homicidal Lesbian Terrorist* or *Semi-Dwarf Quarterly* (both real), we certainly can have well-researched books about public figures committing plagiarism. Complaining is good therapy, but all this fun should not obscure the lousy job we are doing in getting our ideas out.

—Robert Weissberg
University of Illinois
Urbana, IL

On Academic Publishing

Chronicles' May issue ("Who Killed the Book?") leaves open the question of how scholars publish their books now that the university presses have abandoned all pretense of serving the academic community. Short-run scholarly monographs—300-700 hundred copies—are the primary medium of scholarly communication at that level of technical mastery and expert knowledge required for serious learning to take place. In fact, though the state of American book publishing is bleak, today no area of publishing so thrives as the short-run scholar-

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ly monograph. That is because entrepreneurs, both academic and otherwise, saw a need and met it.

Even before the university presses began to abandon the work of publishing professors in dialogue with their fields, a succession to the university press began to take shape. In the study of religion, the American Academy of Religion and the Society of Biblical Literature sponsored Scholars Press, founded by Robert Funk a quarter of a century ago and the principal academic press in the field today. Old-line scholarly houses, such as E.J. Brill in Leiden, took up the slack. University Press of America found a niche for itself. Peter Lang did the same, as did Walter de Gruyter, Mohr Siebeck, Sheffield Academic Press, Routledge, and many others. Their counterparts in the social sciences include Transaction Books, among many others. Few university presses today compete in breadth and coverage with these and kindred imprints. And, ridden as they are with personalities and sectarian politics, some of the once-distinguished university presses—Harvard, California, Columbia, and Princeton, for instance—turn out in the fields that I follow sub-standard—sometimes even weird—titles that attest only to the political clout of their faculty sponsors. But others, Chicago and Yale, Johns Hopkins University and New York University, by contrast, take pride in solid and intellectually distinguished lists.

In academic publishing, no one "killed the book," which thrives.

—Jacob Neusner
St. Petersburg, FL

On Environmentalists

As an environmentalist with four decades of observation and experience with The Cause, I would like to respond to Chilton Williamson's May column ("What Do Environmentalists Want?"). I think most citizens (and environmentalists) want a safe, clean, long-lasting, biologically diverse, and desirable place to live. Even, eventually, a population more in balance with what our resource base can sustain over the long haul. That is not now the case. Most of the environmentalists I know would commend *Chronicles* for its principled stand against open borders policies and are in a tizzy over the pecksniffery of the Sierra Club's argument that the United States is obligated to be the Lifeboat of the World.

Whether we live east or west of the 100th meridian, we environmentalists want safe water, thriving forests, and productive soil; more truth from miners, loggers, ranchers, realtors, and recreationists; and more responsibility from Exxon, ADM, Monsanto, reporters, Bruce Babbitt, Al Gore, and the now over-politicized Greens.

I haven't asked my colleagues, but I presume they would think that the polluter should clean up his own mess. Most think that the worship of consumer goods that delights Wall Street is decadent and leads to a dead end. We think that it is a radical act, not a conservative impulse, to dump filth into a river or to pollute the air with no concern for the consequences. We admire Wendell Berry, Ed Abbey, Aldo Leopold, Wallace Stegner, John Muir, and others who pondered such questions.

Like Solzhenitsyn, we are not impressed by Al Gore's promise of a technocratic nirvana, by the arrogance of humanism (wonderfully exposed by ecologist David Ehrenfeld), or by the liars for modernity and progress who keep telling us that every day the environment is getting better and better. Like the Southern Agrarians, we have a vision of what a decent world ought to be.

—David Tillotson
Lake Mills, WI

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

JOE CAMEL today, the Pillsbury Doughboy tomorrow. Who didn't know that they wouldn't stop with tobacco? And who didn't know that Yale would be in the vanguard of the next wave of shaking-down politically incorrect companies with deep pockets?

Researchers at Yale are now advocating that junk foods be slapped with a "fat tax." Our "toxic food environment," says Yale professor Kelly Brownell, director of the university's Center for Eating and Weight Disorders, is seducing us into a "diet that is high in fat, high in calories, delicious, widely available and low in cost." Writing in the journal *Addictive Behavior*, Brownell and Yale graduate student Katherine Battle contend that the government should subsidize healthy foods and hike taxes on "unhealthy" foods that are high in fat and cholesterol.

On top of our kids "being blitzed with messages to eat more," some 95 percent of the food commercials that the average child sees are pushing sugared cereals, soft drinks, fast food, and candy. "As a culture, we get upset about Joe Camel," Brownell asserts, "yet we tolerate our children seeing 10,000 commercials a year that promote foods that are every bit as unhealthy." The solution? "Junk foods advertisements should be regulated and excise taxes imposed on high-fat foods just as they are on tobacco and alcohol."

"A whopping 7 percent of Americans eat at McDonald's on any given day," says Brownell. And worse, enticed by "value meals," we're swayed to chow down a "supersize" pile of fries along with our Coke and Quarter Pounders. "McDonald's stated goal is to have no American living more than four minutes away from one of its restaurants."

Joining this New Puritanism is Michael Fumento of the American Enterprise Institute. "The United States is the fattest industrialized nation on earth," says Fumento, with about three-fourths of us now "certifiably heavier than prime health dictates," up 12 pounds per capita, on average, since 1988. Fumento traces some of the weight gain to the growth of various foods. McDonald's hamburger, for instance, starting out at 3.6 ounces, grew to the Quarter Pounder and then to the Arch Deluxe at 9 ounces. Butterfinger candy bars, beginning at 280 calories, surged to 680 calories. Food stores, too, once neighborhood mom-and-pops, grew into supermarkets and then into massive super-warehouses where we can load up on three-pound boxes of Cheerios, sweet relish in six-gallon jars, and

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Snickers by the pallet.

We're a nation, laments Fumento, that now buys its big pants from a Nothing in Moderation catalog and can read in *People*'s "Happy As They Are" cover article that Delta Burke, Rosie O'Donnell, and Wynonna are showing, pound for pound, that scrawny is no longer a prerequisite for happiness and success. "Ultimately, our growth in girth is a social problem, just as unwed pregnancies," asserts Fumento, and that means "society needs to take responsibility for defending its interests." Our lunch, in short, is no longer a private matter.

Taking the lead, Chicago, Washington, D.C., Maryland, and Maine have levied higher taxes on snacks and soft drinks. Going further, San Francisco's "Sustainability Plan," a report prepared for and endorsed by the city government, calls for more "culturally responsive" foods, a "fruit tree in every yard," and "citywide production quotas" for "appropriate crops."

Frank Vandall, the Emory University law professor who egged on Mississippi to file the first lawsuit against tobacco companies and currently has plaintiffs' lawyers licking their chops over a class-action kill against beer and liquor companies, says that he "can't rule out" that America's fast-food chains will be the next target. "Look next for charges that the soft-drink industry deliberately manipulates the sugar and fat content of their products in order to hook consumers," says *Investor's Business Daily*.

Unfortunately, as this latest uproar of preaching and central planning begins turning into another regulatory and litigation monstrosity, scientific evidence is taking a backseat to the conventional wisdom about the link between weight and health. For instance, Glenn A. Gaesser, professor of exercise physiology at the University of Virginia, reports that "the lowest death rates are found in the fittest men and women, no matter what they weigh." In fact, actuarial studies show that "for an average-height woman (5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 6 inches) in her fifties, the weight at which she would have the lowest of all mortality rates would be 185-194 pounds." Gaesser's advice? "Exercise more, eat healthier foods and don't obsess about the numbers on the bathroom scale."

Instead of that path of individual responsibility, the proposed course of more litigation and regulation represents another assault on capitalism and freedom, on the right of individuals to make free choices in the market. Free choice has been replaced by "healthy choice," which means that citizens will be free to choose only what bureaucrats and think-tank "scholars" decide is good for them.

—*Ralph R. Reiland*

"**CHOOSE LIFE**" does not "foster choice," or so said Florida Governor Lawton Chiles when he vetoed the manufacturing of license plates with this pro-life message. Was it the smiling faces on the license plate he didn't like? The bright colors? More likely, he just didn't want to offend anyone. Apparently, the ol' he-coon was disappointed that "choosing life" has nothing to do with abortion clinics, and he just didn't want to promote a political message. That's understandable. Perhaps a little help is what is needed here.

To appease the liberal left of America, who feel most disenfranchised over the issue, I propose the following pro-choice license plates of which even Walkin' Lawton himself might approve. First and foremost, the anti-life crowd might like a "Choose Death" auto tag; in black, of course, with a picture of Jack Kevorkian in the corner, just for kicks. Or how about a "Choose Tax" license plate graced with a smoldering cigarette to signify the government's latest squeeze play for more big bucks. Kids will think it is the coolest thing since Joe Camel, even if they have to pay a little extra for it. And what socialist could refuse it?

For all you soccer moms out there, I recommend the highly fashionable "Choose Stupidity" plate. This popular little item not only displays your own ignorance, but also helps to promote the public school system which, in turn, should supply us with enough prisoners to tag every sport utility vehicle in America. And in recognition of Gay Motorists' Week, what would be a more fitting statement than a colorful, pink condom, defiantly displayed on their own rear ends? If nothing else, it would certainly discourage tailgating—at least from the rest of us.

For our Democratic dads, we have a stylish, yet serious, tag with an atomic mushroom cloud on a red background. This will make Bill Clinton supporters very happy since it was our own President who supplied the Red Chinese with the nuclear capability to make it all possible. But hey, it was worth it. Anything to keep those Republican extremists out of the White House. "Choose China" . . . but on a Japanese import?

Never mind the conservationists and animal rights wackos. They already have their own recycled propaganda, proudly displayed on every broken Yugo bumper across the fruited plain. Sure, we should save the manatee and Florida panther, but not at the expense of humans. What they always neglect (or refuse) to admit is that we are also part of the same natural world which they so vehemently seek to protect. The heck with the spotted owl—save the humans!

And don't forget our atheist and agnostic friends. Why, they are just praying for a plate which will ostensibly widen (the Founding Fathers never meant separate) the gap between Church and State—one perhaps with nothing on it at all. Or simply, a crucifix with a cross through it will do. "Choose?" might be an appropriate title for this little gem.

Lest we forget the homeless, the less fortunate, the poor among us, I humbly submit a small and affordable "Choose Despair" license plate that can be easily adjusted to fit any shopping cart. It will certainly do wonders for their self-esteem, and also make us feel good about ourselves. Remember, for the most part, they have choices, too.

Ah, what the heck, maybe the governor's right after all. Perhaps this sort of rhetoric is only suitable for bumper stickers, cheap buttons at political conventions, and talk radio. But if even choosing life is considered politically incorrect, what the hell is the alternative?

—*Joe Prussing*

CRIMINAL ALIENS are not as welcome in the United States as they once were. In an effort to salvage its credibility, the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) deported over 50,000 illegals with criminal records in fiscal 1997. But in some parts of the country, the new and harder line is softening, for reasons that have nothing to do with the interests of American taxpayers. For instance, Governor George Pataki of New York—a state where 27 percent of the prison population consists of illegal aliens—has now changed his stance on the early release and deportation of these criminals, in accordance with President Clinton's promise to make things easier for Caribbean countries, whence a disproportionate number of New York's foreign of-

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fenders come.

When Pataki became governor, he sought to grant early release to some of the criminal aliens clogging the state's jails and to turn them over to the INS for deportation. The state would thereby save millions of dollars and have more room to store its native-born criminals. Pataki's policy led to a kind of Mariel boatlift in reverse—the large-scale deportation of hardened criminals to countries ill-prepared to accept them. As the Caribbean *Weekly Gleaner* complained, it is often the case that "the deportee grew up in North America. . . . When sent back, he has no one to go to, no home to stay in. He is young, homeless, unskilled and unemployed." And, as Tony Best wrote in the *CaribNews*, local police in Jamaica and neighboring countries have already blamed the new arrivals for a significant share of the recent crime and violence.

As a result of the uproar among Caribbean leaders, INS and State Department officials agreed at the U.S.-Caribbean Summit held in Barbados last year to change the guidelines for deportations. According to the West Indies-based *Caribbean Week*, procedures are now in place to give advance warning about deportations of thugs as well as summaries of their criminal histories—a protocol which, given the number of criminals, will undoubtedly slow down the deportation process.

Now hindering the deportation of criminal aliens in New York is Governor Pataki's decision to grant prosecutors of these aliens more power to decide if early deportation and release are appropriate, meaning criminal aliens would serve out more of their time—in American prisons, of course, at taxpayer expense—before coming up for deportation. There seem to have been two political reasons for his decision. First, Pataki was undoubtedly embarrassed by some high-profile cases in which Israeli and Colombian drug dealers got out of jail after a very short time and got right back into business.

Second, as Irwin Claire, a lawyer who heads the Queens-based Caribbean Immigrant Services, points out, New York is home to an estimated 500,000 to one million Caribbean immigrants who largely agree with the governor's pro-entrepreneurial values and who helped him win his last election. Many of these immigrants, of course, have families back in the countries being ravaged by the deportees. Another factor, says Claire, is the effect of massive deportation on the tourism industry. Antigua, for instance, depends for its livelihood on an offshore banking sector and a tourism industry. And who owns and operates this tourism industry? Overwhelmingly, American companies. In other words, the early release and deportation of aliens could adversely effect Pataki's future fundraising campaigns.

Pataki is justly popular as a conservative governor who signed the death penalty back into law. The question is how quickly his popularity will wane if he continues to put his political ambitions, the interests of other countries, and the plight of foreign thugs over the well-being of his own state and its citizens.

—*Michael Washburn*

OCTAVIO PAZ, who died in April, was one of the greatest poets of the second half of the 20th century. On the left for most of his life, Paz held convictions that were often more compatible with conservative thought. Paz was not a "progressive." In fact, he complained that the ethos of progress had no appreciation of irony, melancholy, despair, nostalgia, pleasure, and doubt. "Progress," he wrote in *One Earth, Four or Five Worlds: Reflections on Contemporary History* (1985), "is brutal and insensitive." He regarded the Soviet leviathan and its satellites as the main contemporary enemies of human freedom, and he relentlessly criticized the fellow travelers and deluded pacifists of the Western intelligentsia who impeded the necessary struggle against the Evil Empire. He had the courage to condemn Pablo Neruda and Gabriel García Márquez for their shameless complicity with the bloodiest system of thought in the modern world.

Among the Latin American intelligentsia, the price for adopting such views is high. I remember a Latin American professor advising me never to suggest Paz's name as a possible recipient of an honorary doctorate. Fortunately, by that time Paz was above such yappings and such honors. His reputation was already immense, in spite of the opposition of the same sectors of the professoriate who had stopped Jorge Luis Borges from getting the Nobel Prize. Of course, as a confirmation of his standing as a writer, Paz needed a prize from the Swedish Academy no more than Borges did. Like Borges before him, he had already received a far more meaningful prize: the T.S. Eliot Award bestowed by The Ingersoll Foundation.

But unlike Borges, Paz did get the Nobel. One reason is that he was never an *enfant terrible* like Borges. Another may have been that Paz enjoyed the governmental backing and connections that Borges lacked. Unlike Juan Perón and his delightful wife Evita, Mexican rulers never thought of humiliating a superior writer by naming him a poultry inspector. On the contrary, Paz was consistently honored and promoted. Nonetheless, he never allowed government favor to affect his convictions. When the Mexican police shot a number of students demonstrators at the Tlatelolco Plaza in 1968, Paz resigned his ambassadorship in protest. After that, his writing of poetry and essays on literature, art, and anthropology alternated with works of moral, political, and social criticism. Like Eliot, Paz became one of the great cultural essayists of his time.

Paz started as a leftist, but eventually came to see Marxism as a movement created and controlled by the same intellectuals who hated Western democracy while co-opting its name. He explicitly attacked the refusal of such intellectuals to allow for the peaceful change of governments and policies through clean elections. Paz's political conversion may also have had something to do with the artistic dryness and banality of Marxism.

Though far from his best set of essays, the early *Labyrinth of Solitude* established his reputation as a cultural critic. But as critical of the Mexican psyche as this book had been, Paz's love of his country never wavered. This love of Mexico, and of Latin America, made him prefer their imperfect democracies to the alternatives found in Cuba or Nicaragua. But Paz did not want Mexico and Latin America to follow Washington's example, either. Paz was not just a universal writer but a universal Mexican one. Because of his respect for the local and the particular and his refusal to accept the transferability *in toto* of American political and cultural ways, he had more in common with paleoconservatives than with neoconservatives.

On the other hand, unlike most American conservatives, Paz was not a religious Christian. His spirituality, like that of the surrealists, found outlets that one might characterize as neopagan and that, if anything, placed him closer to the views of contemporary European conser-

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vatives like Alain de Benoist. Nor did Paz ever completely overcome his leftist economic prejudices. Unlike Mario Vargas Llosa, Paz never embraced the free market and never quite grasped the fundamentally unethical basis of socialism.

Paz's best poems, like the monumental "Piedra de Sol" (1957) and the difficult and immensely learned "Blanco" (1967), will likely remain among the enduring monuments of 20th-century literature. At a deep level, Paz's poetry is as much a reflection of his love of liberty as it is a reflection of his aesthetics, anthropology, and sexuality. As was the case with the French surrealist André Breton, to whom he owed the most as a thinker, Paz's rejection of socialist totalitarianism was ultimately prompted by his realization that creative freedom could not stand apart from political freedom, and that neither was possible within the framework of Marxism.

—*Dario Fernandez-Morera*

Epicycles:

• Protecting Their Own: Last August, Boundary County, Idaho Prosecutor Denise Woodbury, in an unprecedented move, indicted FBI sharpshooter Lon Horiuchi on manslaughter charges. Horiuchi, who fired the shot at **Ruby Ridge** that killed Vicki Weaver, was the first federal agent charged with committing a state crime while in the line of duty, and some had hoped that Woodbury's action heralded a new age of state restrictions on federal power. Unfortunately, Horiuchi's lawyers were able to get his case moved from state court to U.S. district court, even though the federal government had previously declined to prosecute him. Not surprisingly, in May, U.S. District Judge Edward Lodge dismissed the manslaughter charges, arguing that the Supremacy Clause of the U.S. Constitution protects federal agents from state prosecution when they are acting in the line of duty. The implications of the decision are troubling. Perhaps the FBI should change its motto from "Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity" to "I vas just following orders."

• Jack the Ripper: In June, "Doctor" Jack Kevorkian took his **assisted suicide** fetish a step further, harvesting the kidneys of one of his "patients" and offering them for transplant. While his lawyers characterized his actions as those of a humanitarian who wants to save lives in addition to relieving suffering, Kevorkian's own words made him seem more like the Grim Reaper. "The odds of [the kidneys] being used are nil," he stated at a press conference at his lawyers' office. "No so-called legitimate medical outfit will touch it." Of course, if he didn't believe that the kidneys would be used, why did he harvest them? Could it be for the fun of it? Meanwhile, Kevorkian—whose suicide machine had been confiscated and returned to him—lost his right to carry a concealed weapon after an argument with police in Royal Oak, Michigan. Apparently, you can kill a hundred people and cut their organs out; just don't mess with the cops.

• Gays Are Investors, Too: Earlier this year, the *Financial NetNews* announced that "The Gay Financial Network has teamed up with FarSight Financial Services . . . to provide an online trading package geared toward the gay and lesbian community." Those wondering how **gay investment services** differ from straight ones can now check out the Gay Financial Network's website, *www.gfn.com*. GFN, which bills itself as "the first fully integrated virtual community devoted to the distinct financial information and investment needs of the gay and lesbian community," offers a mix of investment advice and homosexual culture. As the website's welcome page proclaims, "We understand the importance for the gay community in securing a strong and stable financial future. Because we're gay, it's important to us too. . . . We are a group of experienced and knowledgeable gay professionals and we're here to help." Typical articles (from a week in mid-June) include a look at the "tax pros and cons of gay marriage," "Lesbian Nation, a web offering for gay women," and "the real Rehoboth and why this is the ideal gay destination." GFN's logo? A green triangle.

• Know Thy Enemy: While the United States government attempts to appease a **resurgent Islam** (especially in Bosnia), Muslims are making no effort to hide their intentions. In a May 20 article in the Saudi newspaper *Riyadh al-Jazirah*, Muhammad Ibrahim Muhammad Bin-Fai argues that Israel and Serbia are "two faces of the same coin." According to a translation of his article by the Conference for Middle East Peace (a pro-Israeli website at *www.cmep.com*), Muhammad Bin-Fai declared that the

C.S. Lewis, *Miracles: A Preliminary Study* (Touchstone Books). A concise understanding of God, man, and nature.

John T. Noonan, Jr., *A Private Choice: Abortion in America in the Seventies* (Free Press). The classic examination of the treatment of abortion in common law and constitutional law.

Jeremy Taylor, *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying* (Arno Press). A primer on preparing oneself (and others) for a Christian death.

Raphael Brown, editor, *Little Flowers of St. Francis* (Image Books). Despite the efforts of animal rights activists to portray St. Francis as the patron saint of vegetarianism, Francis's own stories reveal a proper Christian understanding of man's relationship to nature.

Richard Brautigan, *The Abortion: An Historical Romance 1966* (Simon & Schuster). An unvarnished picture of the effects of an abortion on the life of a librarian and his girlfriend.

Godfather II. Includes a memorable scene in which Kay smugly tells Michael—with no hint of irony—that in order to stop the killing, she's had an abortion.

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Serbian "rejection of the independence of the Muslim countries is as strong as Europe's rejection of the creation of a Muslim state in the middle of Europe. . . . Now, as we walk blindly in the dark tunnels of peace, neither Europe nor the United States has any desire to correct the mistakes of the past." What does Muhammad Bin-Fai recommend? "Only a genuine Arab-Islamic unity can stop Israel's obstinacy and Serbia's arrogance. We should not allow the wounds to continue bleeding, because the more we wait, the costlier it becomes to redress these wounds."

• Driving Ol' Dixie Down: Scripps Howard reports that North Carolina's Division of Motor Vehicles is becoming "culturally sensitive and completely bilingual." The reason? The DMV has received complaints alleging **discrimination** against Spanish-speaking customers. According to Scripps Howard, "Responding to complaints from Latino advocates, the agency is expanding its list of acceptable forms of identification to include Mexican passports and an ID card for people who have served in the Mexican military." At 20 local offices, Hispanics applying for a driver's license will also be able to substitute an oral exam in Spanish for the standard written one in English. No word yet on an oral exam in German or French.

OBITER DICTA: It's not too late to sign up for The Rockford Institute's First Annual Summer School. Come join the editors of *Chronicles* here at our offices the last week of July as we discuss "The Roots of the American Right." For further details, see the registration form on p. 23.

Two poets grace our pages this month. **R.S. Gwynn** is a professor of English at Lamar University in Beaumont, Texas, and the editor, most recently, of two volumes in the Longman Pocket Anthology Series, *Fiction* and *Poetry*. Our second poet is **Harold McCurdy**, the author of eight volumes of verse, including his current collection, *Realizing Westward*.

Chronicles' art director **Anna Mycek-Wodecki** has illustrated this month's issue. She has exhibited her work in Warsaw, Paris, New York, and Rockford.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

How Thomas Rent the Seamless Garment

by Thomas Fleming

"Nor will this Earth serve him; he sinkes the deepe
where harmless fish monastique silence keepe,
who (were death dead) by roes of living sand
might spunge that element and make it land."
—John Donne, "Elegie on Mistris Bulstrode"

John Donne reminds us of a natural fact that most of us would rather forget: the necessity of death. On this earth, life without death would be poetry without rhythm: limitless and therefore pointless. Without sex and death, life might have evolved into one great superorganism, immortal as well as immoral, resembling the modern pantheists' conception of Gaia, the vast living eco-system and planetary consciousness of which each human individual is but an infinitesimal part.

Donne was no pantheist but a Christian whose respect for harmless fish would have been limited to their edibility and their symbolic utility as an anagram for *Iesous Christos Theos Soter*. The proliferation of fish *qua* fish (or condors *qua* condors) has little appeal for any Christian less tender-hearted than St. Francis, who preached sermons to birds and addressed the fire that burned his flesh as "brother."

"Mere existence" of any kind, for the Christian, is never the issue, though a fearful Samuel Johnson once declared that it was "so much better than nothing, that one would rather exist even in pain than not exist." Death is central to the Christian creed: it is punishment for sin. Christ himself endured the torments of death in order to redeem mankind, and each of us must die in order to gain eternal life.

> Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. (John 12:24-25)

It is death that makes life so precious. Even Adam and Eve, without knowing it, lived under the shadow of the death that might come to them if they rebelled against their creator, and some sexless, deathless protoplasm that went on growing throughout eternity would endure an existence without moral significance. It is the moral dimension of life that makes it sacred to the Christian. St. Thomas speaks of man's rational life or soul as the quality distinguishing him from the beasts, and some libertarian philosophers (e.g., Tibor Machan) have concluded that it is reason that must be protected. Since unborn babies and the mentally defective are no more rational than

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fish, their lives would not, in the rationalist's view, be covered by prohibitions against murder, while computers (if one accepts the fiction of artificial intelligence) might some day possess a higher right to life than human beings of ordinary intelligence.

But for Christians, reason is significant only because it enables people to make moral choices. Birds and beasts—one is tempted to throw in certain professors of philosophy—are not moral creatures, even potentially; the fact of their low intelligence is incidental, and if we are occasionally obliged to preserve their lives or protect them from suffering, it is an obligation we owe not to them but to ourselves and to the God who created birds and beasts and man. Up to a certain age (somewhere between 12 and 20) children, whether born or unborn, are not capable of moral reasoning. However, strangling a fifth-grader for impudence or aborting an unborn baby on the grounds of inconvenience are not moral options, because as human beings our children have the potential capacity for making moral choices. Computers, on the other hand, whatever their analytical "skills," are not moral beings; indeed, they are not beings at all, and when science fiction writers endow them with human qualities, it is only to diminish our sense of the human.

There is no unqualified right to life, even to human life. Human life *per se* is precious and is to be preserved—within certain limits. By committing sins we earn, once again, the wages of sin that our original parents passed down to us, and whatever a Christian might think about the inhumanity of the death penalty, no philanthropic illusion should blind him to what the cold-blooded murderer has deserved by carrying out his decision to take an innocent life.

I have heard liberal Catholic priests and Protestant ministers who say that there is something "unchristian" about the death penalty. I have even heard those who say that the Church has always been opposed to executions, but I challenge them to cite one passage of Scripture or one creed, one conciliar document, one encyclical that unequivocally condemns capital punishment.

From the first homicide, our human responsibility has been clear: to preserve the sanctity of life by killing those who have abused it. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man" (Gen. 9:6), and the Old Law lists a great many crimes for which the penalty is death: homicide, witchcraft, idolatry, incest. It is even permitted to kill a thief with impunity: "If a thief be found breaking up, and be smitten that he die, there shall no blood be shed for him" (Ex. 22:2). And the Christ who came not to change one jot or tittle of the law did not overturn its foundations.

The Christian Church more than once declared executions to be right and proper, and the current *Catechism of the Catholic Church*, while recommending mercy in language whose vagueness approaches equivocation, includes the concession that:

> the traditional teaching of the Church has acknowledged as well-founded the right and duty of legitimate public authority to punish malefactors by means of penalties commensurate with the gravity of the crime, not excluding, in cases of extreme gravity, the death penalty.

What does it mean, then, when Pope John Paul II asks for clemency for cold-blooded killers? These interventions, although they seem (to many Catholics and Protestants alike) to display a callous disregard both for law and for the protection of the innocent, must be understood within the context of a long Christian tradition which forbids bishops and ministers to involve themselves in bloodshed. The Church has always spoken the language of mercy, knowing full well that in most ages of the earth, that voice will be drowned out by the cries for blood.

The issue is captured perfectly in an interchange of letters between St. Augustine and Macedonius, Vicar of Africa. As a provincial administrator and yet a Christian, Macedonius asked Augustine to justify his pleas for clemency. The bishop began his response by conceding that the state has been given the power to correct wickedness:

> Surely, it is not without purpose that we have the institution of the power of kings, the death penalty of the judge, the barbed hooks of the executioner, the weapons of the soldier, the right of punishment of the overlord, even the severity of the good father. . . . While these are feared, the wicked are kept within bounds and the good live more peacefully among the wicked.

The Old Law, continued Augustine, did preach harsh justice, but the New Testament urges us to pardon offenders either that we may be pardoned or as a means of commending gentleness. After surveying a number of arguments (not all of them convincing) for mercy, Augustine concludes that there is good both in the magistrate's severity and in the bishop's plea for mercy. "Do not be displeased at being petitioned by the good, because the good are not displeased that you are feared by the wicked."

Augustine and Pope John Paul have simply repeated Christ's admonition to be merciful; they did not repudiate the death penalty itself or call for an unqualified defense of life for life's sake, unlike the modern theologians who, in attempting to weave a seamless garment of life, are really swaddling unborn babies in the uniform of the death-row convict. If all human life is equally precious, then none can be very valuable. In most cases, perhaps, the proponents of a seamless garment have simply failed to understand the consequences of their reasoning. But in using the same language to defend the innocent unborn and the condemned murderer, they are equating innocence with guilt. Part of the explanation lies in moral cowardice. As Christians, they have to incur unpopularity by opposing abortion, but if by opposing the death penalty they can prove that their support for life is based on no moral considerations, it is easier to maintain their respectability as leftists. On a deeper level, though, they are deliberately confounding the categories of good and evil, willfully perverting the teachings of Christ and His Church to celebrate sin as sin, evil as evil.

Authentic Protestants will search their traditions in vain for arguments against the death penalty. In their renewed emphasis on the Law, reformers were sometimes even more severe than their opponents, and good Lutherans have always based their view of government on the explicit testimony of Romans 13, that the rulers do not hold the sword in vain. Neither Luther nor Calvin displayed any hesitation when they needed to call upon secular power to execute heretics and scoff-laws.

Catholics have, if anything, even less excuse for their confu-

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sion. St. Thomas, sorting through this question with his typical thoroughness and acuteness (Summa Th. II ii, 64), concluded that it is both licit and necessary to kill sinners. Malefactors are to be put to death for the health of the community, and he compares the duties of rulers and physicians: it is the physician's duty to preserve life and health in individuals, and rulers have been given the power to protect the community.

With a logical shrewdness that now looks like prophecy, Thomas began his discussion of homicide by disposing of the fallacy that it is life *per se* that is to be preserved. If plants and animals are part of the divine order of things, then, he asks, is it wrong to kill them? If, after all, homicide is a sin only because it deprives a man of his life, the same prohibition extends to animals and plants, with whom we share life. However, Thomas points out, plants and animals were made for human use. That animals feed upon plants, and man upon animals, is part of the divine order.

By implication, then, it is not only natural for human beings to eat meat, but it is also divinely ordained. Vegetarianism (except for reasons of health or Christian askesis), therefore, would amount to a rebellion against the divine and natural order. Once upon a time, vegetarianism had a limited following of the usual cranks: spiritualists, unitarians, and religious cultists who foreswear coffee, tobacco, and wine. Today, however, a vegetarian is as likely to be a high school cheerleader, starving her body to remain a size 5 and convinced that cows are affectionate pets or that red meat is a kind of spiritual poison. This teen philosophy, which might be summed up as "meat is ucky," is so prevalent that I have to ask my children what their friends will eat when they come to supper.

The Vegan Society, which knows when it is on to a good thing, passes out lengthy and detailed propaganda to aspiring teen vegans, complete with nutritional charts and sample weekly diets, all couched in the usual peppy language of the professional uplifter:

> Aged between 13 and 19 years of age? Want to be a Vegan? You've come to the right place. . . . The vegan diet is nearer to government health recommendations than any other dietary group. . . . So, providing teenagers follow the guidelines in this booklet, transition to a vegan diet should be trouble-free.

Just the sort of language to send the average adolescent to McDonald's.

I wonder, sometimes, if the most perverse heresy of modern times is not Marxism or feminism or homosexualism, but vegetarianism. Marxism, despite the demonic assumptions on which it is based, is aimed primarily at destroying the foundations of property and status; feminism and homosexualism go further in undermining the natural relation between the sexes, which is the basis of the entire social order; but vegetarianism is a complete and thorough rejection of the normal, an overt rebellion against both creation and Creator.

When Adam and Eve could not resist the temptation to become as gods, they did not taste of forbidden beef. It was an apple or—still better—it was generic fruit from a tree "desired to make one wise," and because our first parents ate of it, their God drove them from Eden to keep them from deciding to "take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever." Christians and Jews have to assume that God knew what he was doing, that Adam, led on by his lust for knowledge and power, would make a raid on life itself in defiance of his Creator. The enemies of Christendom have always dreamed of perfecting human life and gaining immortality on earth: alchemists and mystical Freemasons with their mumbo-jumbo of pyramids and homunculi; Benjamin Franklin and William Godwin who thought science could make man immortal (how that scheme has to turn out was revealed by Godwin's daughter, Mary Shelley); Lenin and Stalin who had to content themselves with the illusion of eternal mummification; and the current proponents of gene-splicing, cloning, and life made-to-order.

In promoting the cause of "life" without qualification or distinction, pantheists and vegetarians are serving a master other than the Creator of life. Is it an accident that so many vegetarians and animal rights activists are also "pro-choice"? One ancient writer who opposed the Pythagorean prohibition on meat-eating argued that the net result would be cannibalism. Unable to kill the birds and beasts that ravaged their fields, men would be compelled to attack and eat each other.

Vegetarians can pick as many holes as they like in this fanciful myth, but any form of life altruistic enough to sacrifice its own well-being for the sake of lower animals is putting itself on the endangered species list, and vegetarians are like bellwethers leading their pals up to the abattoir: "Take us, take us," they cry, "we're too soft to handle the reality of life." Even in this technological age, humans are compelled by ancient necessity to defend themselves against other species. How would vegetarians deal with rats or cockroaches or adders? Like the Jains of India, perhaps, they should adopt veils to keep from inhaling insects to their doom. But why stop at insects? Amoebas have a right to live, too, perhaps more of a right than human beings who knowingly slaughter their fellow-creatures, and if life is all that matters, viruses—who enjoy near-immortality on the frontier between life and non-life—should be elevated to the highest place on the *scala naturae*.

In making no distinctions between man and other forms of life, pantheists are really expressing hatred and contempt for human life. The animal rights demonstrators who interfere in blood sports or throw red paint on fur coats have no qualms about attacking hunters and fur-bearing starlets. The attitude is summed up succinctly in the Declaration of War found on the *Deo Frugi Gratias* website:

> *Matar a Personas*
> *Para Salvar a Animales*
> *Y Preservar*
> *El Medio Ambiente*

"Kill people to save animals and preserve the environment." Not that it would be much fun to be any higher mammal in a vegetarian regime. The Vegan Society promotes vegetarian diets for cats and dogs, arguing that it does not violate the cats' rights, since, in the wild, cats would be unable to eat chicken or beef. Putting cats on a vegetarian diet is not really "playing god" or "meddling with 'nature' . . . there is nothing that is strictly natural in any sense that means it is independent from human behavior and observation."

So the real focus, after all, is on man and his point of view, and vegetarian self-hatred must now be extended to our pets and, ultimately, to all the creatures on the planet, none of whom is really "independent from human behavior and obser-

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vation." Christians understand that no one can love another if he has not first loved himself. This is the wisdom of Bernard de Clairvaux, who said that nature directs us to love our own flesh but teaches us also to limit our self-love to minister to a brother's need. This insight on moral development stretches back to the ancient Stoics and to Aristotle.

Who can love another species, if he has not first loved his own? Love of God and His creation begins with the infant's love of self, the child's attachment to his mother, and grows ultimately to a love that transcends even the self from which it began. "Whosoever loves God aright," says St. Bernard, "loves all God's creatures." Failure along the way results in a stunted personality, a perverse being whose hatred of his parents, for example, may be expressed in apparently humanitarian gestures toward the children of the world but cannot disguise the disordered and spiteful character of the cold-hearted philanthropist.

St. Francis' bizarre affection for the birds and the fishes was not at odds with his love of his fellow-man. Delusional he may have been, or simply too good for this world, yet Francis never asked ordinary people to deny their human nature or to elevate the dumb beasts to the human level. In the rules drawn up for his order, he deliberately did not exclude meat from the diet of his *fratres minores*, because he did not want them to put themselves above secular priests. Francis may have preached to the fishes, but he also sent baskets of fish to the monks who gave him the use of a church, and when he was told of the hunger-crazed wolf that was ravaging the livestock and killing the people of Gubbio, he made the wolf promise to leave people and chickens alone in return for being fed by the people of the town. We are not told that he expected the wolf to go vegetarian.

Man was made to live in the company of God's other creatures, that Francis celebrated in his famous cantico: "*Laudato sie, mi Signore, con tutte le tue creature.*"

This may be why, the more we cut ourselves off from the natural world, the more we adopt pets and indulge in a perverse sentimentality toward rabbits and even toads, until we can no longer distinguish our child from the photograph of a starving Somali baby, our next-door neighbor from our neighbor's Akita, a rapist and murderer on death row from the unborn baby it is our duty to protect. The "telescopic philanthropy" that Dickens derided in the international busybodies of his own day has been extended to an all-encompassing embrace of life for life's sake that diminishes—and perhaps annihilates—the sacredness of the innocent lives that are entrusted to our care. In weaving a seamless garment of life, theologians have really stitched and patched a motley garment with bits and pieces of Scripture sewn into Enlightenment universalism and an oriental pantheism whose origins are more satanic than divine.

The true garment of life was revealed to St. Peter in Acts 10. Reluctant to eat unclean meat with the gentile Roman centurion, he fell into a trance, and he saw descending from heaven a great vessel, taking the form of "a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air.

"And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill and eat." And when Peter still refused that which was common and unclean, the voice spoke to him again, saying "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." Obedience is the point, whether we are the first man in the garden, the first apostle to preach to the gentiles, or the first man on the block to own an "assault" weapon. We human beings are, as we were made, eaters of meat striving to maintain a precarious order against the forces of darkness that threaten to break through the walls of our civility and engulf us. Today, there is a moral and spiritual war to defend life going on, and vegetarians, pacifists, and death-row protesters have enlisted with the enemy.

LIBERAL ARTS

OUT WITH THE OLD . . .

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

–Anonymous, ca. 12th century

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
Thy love stay with me through the night,
And wake me with the morning light.

–from Nursery Poems & Prayers, *1990*

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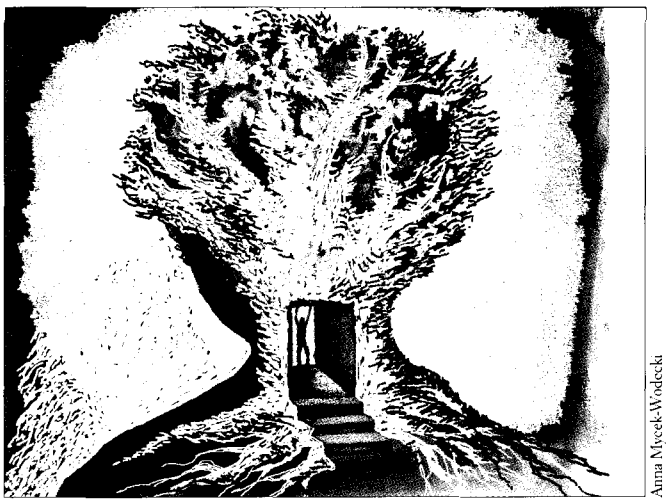
Fighting Words

Abortion and Civility

by Harold O.J. Brown



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Austrian sociologist Hans Millendorfer claims to have discovered, at least in his native Austria, a perplexing correspondence: his statistics show a rise in abortions paralleled by a rise in civility. To those of us who consider abortion a violent and evil act, it seems strange that such violence should be accompanied by an increase in courtesy and politeness. But that is exactly what happens, at least from the pro-life side, in the abortion debate. While there are outspoken and quarrelsome opponents of abortion, most of those who oppose it are willing to treat its advocates with a courtesy bordering on complicity. Even the worst and most gruesome form of abortion, the partial birth abortion, cannot move many pro-lifers to call their opponents anything worse than "pro-choice."

What does abortion have in common with civility? The virtue that abortion lacks is honesty. Civility is not *per se* dishonest, but sometimes the convention of civility in effect establishes dishonesty. Abortion is based partly on misunderstandings and faulty information, but largely on deliberate deception by its advocates and providers. Abortion involves a high degree of institutionalized and generalized hypocrisy, a hypocrisy that has become so normative that now it is hardly noticed. The hypocrisy inherent in the abortion situation in the United States begins with the language, as in the substitution of the neutral word "choice" for abortion: "Of course we are personally opposed to abortion, but we favor freedom of choice." "We do not know when life begins, or when the fetus becomes human." "Before abortion was legalized, tens of thousands or perhaps hundreds of thousands of women were killed or mutilated in illegal 'back alley' abortions, which numbered in the hundreds of thousands or even more than one million each year." "Intact dilatation and extraction, or so-called partial birth abortion, is medically necessary to prevent women from being 'ripped up,'" despite testimony by former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop that there is no condition for which partial birth abortion is the appropriate therapy (except for the condition known as unwanted pregnancy). "Partial birth abortions are rare, few in number, and only performed in desperate cases," or so we are assured, despite contrary testimony from Ron Fitzsimmons, the head of the National Association of Abortion Providers. And of course the media regularly repeat the falsehood that *Roe* v. *Wade* legalized abortion only "early in pregnancy." President Clinton continues to mutter his slogan, "Safe, legal, and rare," despite the fact that from his first day in office in 1993 he has taken steps to make abortion ever more accessible and frequent. And needless to say he appointed a Surgeon General who is willing to go along with every abortion, even the partial birth variety that Senator Daniel Moynihan called "close to infanticide."

The hypocrisy inherent in abortion is found in the United States Senate. The Senate has a large anti-abortion majority, just a bit smaller than necessary to make it veto-proof, and has voted twice to ban partial birth abortion—only to have the ban vetoed by the President. Although one might think that decisions about the life and death of unborn children involve high moral principles and convictions, the Senate has not only failed to try to overturn the presidential veto but has yielded to presidential blandishments and perhaps to AAD (affirmative action dementia) in confirming Dr. David Satcher as Surgeon General, although the doctor endorses partial birth abortion, unlike his more eminent predecessor Dr. Koop. It was bruited about that the Republican majority approved Satcher in exchange for having Washington National Airport renamed after Ronald

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Reagan.

Abortion rests on normative deception and hypocrisy, and a false and pusillanimous civility repeatedly fails to identify it for what it is, namely, early homicide. Even stalwart defenders of the unborn, such as Dr. Koop and Illinois Republican Congressman Henry Hyde, who know the truth about abortion very well, defer to the principles of civility when dealing with abortion advocates. Both gentlemen belong to a generation for which courtesy is a virtue, and whether it is in the halls of Congress or in the American Medical Association's House of Delegates, one must discourse with reasonable politeness if one is to be allowed to speak at all.

Often civility towards the powerful who favor abortion seems a necessary price to pay to enter the political playgrounds. Dr. Koop is passionately committed to reforming America's health care system for the sake of all the people, and the Clintons were able to recruit his support for Mrs. Clinton's proposed Health Security program. Dr. Koop became an enthusiastic advocate, warmly supporting the plan in an effort to achieve a greater goal and inadvertently lending a bit of his moral stature to the immoral Clintons.

Dare we say "immoral"? Does that not impugn the honor of the President and the dignity of the presidency? Indeed it does, but how can one say less of people committed to the *ad libitum* destruction of innocent unborn life? Civility and political courtesy would forbid the word, but honesty requires it. As Psalm 12:8 says, "The wicked strut about on every side, when vileness is exalted among the sons of men." It is not even necessary that vileness be exalted; it need merely be passed over in silence, and people who are committed to the perpetuation of wickedness can strut about unchallenged. Unfortunately, many anti-abortionists have a sense of courteous deference that ignores the fundamental evil being espoused by their adversaries. The pro-life side often appears to consider it a great concession if they are merely allowed to enter the discussion and to articulate their concerns. Despite the regularity with which the pro-abortionists assault them with offensive, false, and irrelevant charges (such as being "anti-choice," opposed to "reproductive freedom," intent on creating a dominant patriarchy, and so on), pro-lifers meekly comply with the pro-abortionists' debate rules and call them "pro-choice." But what are they choosing? Nothing but the right to kill ("terminate") unwanted unborn children. The "pro-choice" forces frequently get away with labeling their adversaries "anti-choice," which is logical enough if one accepts their self-designation. But the pro-lifers almost never perform the parallel function. The "right to life" party ought to call its opposition "right to kill," but of course that would be discourteous, albeit true.

Not every pro-lifer minces his or her words. Professor George Williams, at one time president of Americans United for Life, is a gentle and mild-mannered man, but he did not hesitate to call the Supreme Court of *Roe* v. *Wade* "that evil court." An evil court? How can one attribute motives or judge morals? One might more reasonably ask, what else can one who knows the truth say? In *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Court permitted the killing of over 30 million babies who would have been native-born American citizens. The West German Federal Constitutional Court (*Bundesverfassungsgericht*), which now is the highest court of the united Germany, was outspoken in its 1974 decision on abortion, writing, "The usual language, termination of pregnancy, cannot conceal the fact that abortion is a homicidal act."

Even in its 1974 decision, the German court made provision for the toleration of abortion under certain circumstances. Now, after the unification of Germany, abortion is permissible early in pregnancy, with the provision that a woman seeking an abortion must obtain pre-abortion counseling and produce a *Schein* (certificate) to demonstrate that she has listened to the admonitions and cautions. Most of the pro-life counseling centers are associated with either the Roman Catholic Church or the Evangelical Church of Germany; at this writing, the Catholic agencies will counsel but give no *Schein* if the woman persists in wanting the abortion; the Protestant agencies will counsel continuation of the pregnancy, but will give the *Schein* if the woman rejects their arguments and persists in demanding it. This hardly constitutes a great impediment to a woman's freedom, particularly where what she is demanding is the freedom to take a life, but it does at least recognize what is at stake and makes it plain that German society deplores the prospect of "terminating" a developing child. In the United States, such a provision would be regularly and speedily thrown out by federal court.

The seven justices who concurred in *Roe* may not have realized the full import of their decision, but by the time of *Casey* v. *Planned Parenthood*, the five justices who concurred to uphold *Roe* could no longer pretend such ignorance. For the most part, their reasoning relied not on morality or justice but on precedent. Should one call former Justice Harry A. Blackmun, the author of *Roe*, or current justices O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter—each of them appointed by a pro-life President—who reaffirmed *Roe*, evil? If not them, then at least their deeds.

Dr. Koop and Congressman Hyde, and many others whose commitment to the pro-life cause is unquestioned, refrain from making a clear condemnation such as that uttered by Professor Williams. Civility on the part of anti-abortionists when dealing with the pro-abortion establishment may sometimes be justified in terms of the political etiquette necessary to get things done in a late, sensate, democratic society. It can be argued that massive denunciation of pro-abortionists, although morally justifiable, would foreclose the possibility of getting at least some amelioration of the abortion culture and of saving the lives of at least some unborn children. But civility, if necessary and desirable, should never fail to do at least what an occasional honest man, such as Steve Forbes, has done in calling every abortion an evil, while admitting that no significant progress can be made unless the hearts of people are changed.

Not every anti-abortionist is civil and courteous. Mr. Joseph Scheidler was recently convicted, under the RICO (Racketeering-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations) Act, of "conspiracy" to damage abortion clinics by tactics (non-violent, of course) designed to keep customers away from abortion clinic doors. Mr. Scheidler, we will admit, is not very civil. But what he says is the truth, and what his opponents are doing, now supported by the courts, is dishonest from the ground up.

Is it hard to understand why a Supreme Court decision allows the RICO Act to be used against a protest group, one that might fairly be described as a civil rights group? Why did Congress pass, and the President sign, the PACE (Protection of Access to Clinic Entrances) Act? The answer, of course, is that no one is willing to admit what has been done by the tens of millions since 1973, namely, the legally sanctioned killing of developing human beings. The number of "terminations"—

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which are in fact homicides—which Justice Harry Blackmun has on his conscience now exceeds the number of people exterminated by Adolf Hitler by a factor of five or more. Yet Blackmun retired with honor and not long ago was even given an honorary doctorate by Harvard University, the stock of the Puritans, it seems, now having been safely and legally terminated.

There are offenses that may be limited to verbal abuse, but even these merit, in the public eye, condemnation. For several of them, it is taken for granted that they will not be endured politely and with courtesy. We have words for those individuals and groups that commit such lesser offenses (for prejudice and verbal abuse, unless translated into deeds, are surely less evil than homicide). Advocating segregation by race or by sex, opposing affirmative action, and condemning homosexual acts all merit name-calling: racists, male chauvinists, homophobes. Do African-Americans feel it their duty to be civil to a white who regularly refers to them as "niggers"? Do not Jews, and not only Jews, find it difficult to engage in courteous discussion with anti-Semites? Passing from verbal offenses to acts, child abusers frequently have to be protected in penitentiaries from other prisoners, who consider such behavior to be deserving of death without remission.

Why should those who know what abortion is be civil and courteous to those who advocate such homicide of the unborn, and even to those who practice it? One is reminded of former Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. When Québec separatists "executed" a member of the government, Trudeau, unlike some of his American homologues, would not accept the self-justifying word "execution": this can be called nothing but "*un lache assassinat*," a cowardly murder.

As an occasional participant in or witness of pro-life demonstrations, I have heard obscene abuse—usually contentless, non-specific cursing—hurled at praying demonstrators by those who call themselves "pro-choice." Those who kill are killers, even if they do it under the cloak of legality. Surely there are times when it is inappropriate or unwise to hurl the term "killers" at abortion advocates. But there are times when the words must fit the facts. "The usual language, termination of pregnancy, cannot conceal the fact that abortion is a homicidal act."

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The Dark, Dark Wood of Suicide

by Bill Murchison

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Among the many haunting and piteous images from the *Inferno* of Dante is this one. The travelers, in Canto XIII, enter a pathless wood. Dante, on Virgil's coaching, snaps a twig from a thorn tree. The tree yelps in pain, and no wonder. The tree is the transmuted personage of a formerly great Florentine, Pier delle Vigne, who had been counselor to the emperor Frederick II. How, then, did he become a tree? The envy of others brought him down. "Glad honours turned to obloquies" (as the Dorothy L. Sayers' translation would have it).

> So, in a scornful spirit of disgust,
> And thinking to escape from scorn by death,
> To my just self I made myself unjust.

Killed himself, in other words, by means unspecified here.

Miss Sayers expatiates in a footnote: "Accused of conspiring against his master, he was disgraced, imprisoned, and blinded, and in despair took his own life." Becoming, in consequence, a thorn tree, with leaves that Harpies loved to gnaw.

Again, Miss Sayers:

> The sin of Suicide is, in an especial manner, an insult to the body; so, here, the shades are deprived of even the semblance of the human form. As they refused life, they remain fixed in a dead and withered sterility. They are the image of the self-hatred which dries up the very sap of energy and makes all life infertile.

Bill Murchison is a nationally syndicated columnist for the Dallas Morning News.

Would you say there is a problem here? Most moderns likely would. The theological strictures against suicide are easy enough, perhaps, to defend in the abstract. Then the Wood of the Suicides heaves into view, and there is the thorn tree known in the day of sunshine and honor as Pier delle Vigne. Disgraced, abandoned, blinded: Well, naturally he killed himself! Why not? The temptation to say so is immense and, may I add, understandable in everyday, ordinary human terms. That the pitiful Pier, by ending his worldly sufferings, brought himself pains far worse is, shall we say, a hard sell in the Age of Empathy.

The tug of war between suffering and escape persists throughout literature and history. Here is Kipling, just a century ago, counseling "the young British soldier":

> When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
> And the women come 'round to cut up what remains,
> Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
> And go to your Gawd like a soldier.

With never a thought for thorn trees, the poet might have added.

The rise of the "assisted" suicide movement, pushing itself up like a weed patch through the manicured grass of the old moral-religious order, lays these matters urgently before us. Dr. Jack Kevorkian's "patients" claim the right to end their sufferings. Oregon has lately ratified that desire. It cannot end here. Why accord the terminally ill rights superior to those enjoyed by the merely despondent or world-weary? Under the Oregon dispensation, poor Pier delle Vigne could not have obtained permission to take himself off.

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Even worse is indicated—the general embrace of euthanasia, as forecast in the 70's and 80's by such as Malcolm Muggeridge and Walker Percy. No, no, no! object the proponents of suicide. Never that! Personal autonomy is all they seek: the right, not the duty, to die.

We have a saying in the South: that ol' dog won't hunt. This dog won't either.

To see why, we need to revisit medieval Florence for a brief inspection of its foundations. Those foundations, on which Dante walked, and yes, Pier delle Vigne and Frederick II, were religious—specifically, Christian. The earth was the Lord's and the fullness thereof (as the psalmist said). Into that fullness human bodies and souls were incorporated.

> "Pluralism," the modern deity, has made it impolite to tout a religious sanction for life. Yet what other sanctions exist?

Pier delle Vigne's body, though he might inhabit it, was not his own; it belonged, rather, to God. The malign and cruel things that others did to Pier were thus the business of God, who was certain, in response, to do two things: bless Pier with the release of death—if not necessarily on Pier's timetable—and bring retribution on his persecutors. Pier's suicide, for whatever poignant reasons, disturbed the divine symmetry of mercy and justice. Off he went to the dark wood, to bleed and cry out.

Very well; it was at best a long time ago, and as we all know, the *Divine Comedy* is a great work of the imagination. Even before the deconstructionist age, we knew Dante didn't *actually* enter some "rough and stubborn forest" alongside a dead Roman poet. What has all this to do with the price of eggs in Arkansas? Only everything, I would venture.

The Pier delle Vigne story takes us, shakes us, wakes us. In it we see—ourselves. Any of us, in the same position, *might* have done as did the old Florentine. But this is the merest starting place. The delle Vigne story points up, it seems to me, at least two essential considerations. First, life is a religious proposition. Which, of course, it has to be if God initiated it. Not that moderns are automatically persuaded of this view, which seems not to square, as the irrepressible Episcopal Bishop John Spong recently put it, with post-Darwinian reality. The interesting thing is, there are no full-blown alternative explanations—certainly none that invest human life with objective value. The Darwinian view in fact exalts destruction and displacement. Move over! Get out of the way!

The value of human life, in God's eyes, is one of Dante's subtexts. If life lacked objective value, Dante would hardly make so big a deal of divine justice—the meting out of reward or punishment in line with how particular lives are used. The assumption of divine sovereignty, as differently as different times and places spin that assumption, provides a comprehensive understanding.

Second, the religious view is absolutely, totally, 100 percent indispensable in understanding who man is and—in the context of our present discussion—what he must do. I make this claim with no deference whatever to, shall we say, secular viewpoints. These viewpoints are as useless as a map of Bombay if you're lost in Florence, trying to find the Duomo.

If the religious view enjoys nowhere near the dominance characteristic of Dante's time, that makes it urgent to recover such a view. Look where we are otherwise: lost in a dark wood; unsure where the road is leading. The suicide question is ideal for framing this discussion.

The question, save perhaps in deconstructionist circles, is not: Did this poor old man, Pier delle Vigne, *deserve* to become a thorn tree, just because he was tired and in pain? The question is: Where does authority over life properly reside, with the Potter or His vessel?

To come down on the side of Pier is to decouple theology and justice. Justice becomes what *we* make of it, in our human searchings and musings, our cross-questionings and re-examinations. The opportunities this affords! Against the backdrop of the "assisted suicide" drama, these opportunities appear in plain relief. The principal actor on the stage is the sufferer, whose suffering no one in the audience doubts for a minute. Lonely, wracked by pain, he cries out for release. Eyes moisten. Who could refuse him? As for rumors of eternal punishment . . . forget such ahistorical and speculative rubbish!

What Dorothy Sayers calls "the intimate and unbreakable bond between spirit and flesh" is of scant interest to a secularized society like our own. Bond, what bond? Ending pain is what counts. And beyond the body's escape—its flight from pain? Here the matter truly breaks down. There exists no "beyond" that anyone is obliged to note. We do not run our open, democratic, pluralistic society on religious principle, you know.

Indeed, we do not: not since the 60's anyway. We run society on another principle entirely—the principle that no one principle is better than another one. We call it pluralism: everybody-for-himselfism. If Joe Dokes, counselor to the President, has been pulled down by envy and jailed by the independent prosecutor and thoroughly ruined and wants in consequence to end it all . . . well, who can object? Surely it is for Joe to decide whether he would live or die.

And "the intimate and unbreakable bond between spirit and flesh"? Dear, dear, certainly can't judge that one! Some say yes, some say no. Officially the United States of America is . . . in agreement with both sides. Vast are the consequences of this agreement—topped by the deterioration of the old sense that human life is special; so special that the discarding of it, in pain and despair, outrages some immemorial covenant between donor and recipient.

The so-called slippery slope argument is oversimplified: that is, by allowing "A," we find demand rising for "B," which takes us to "C," smack dab on the superhighway to "D."

"A" most certainly can lead to "B": abortion to assisted suicide, assisted suicide to euthanasia as sensibilities go to sleep and mental resistance crumbles. This skirts, even so, a still larger point—that the erosion of belief in the divine sanction for life makes it *all* possible, and likely much more. Suicide is far from the whole of the matter. Indifference to life takes varied forms, including that of a teenager, armed with hunting rifle

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and pistol, calmly picking off his schoolmates.

"Pluralism," the modern deity, has made it impolite to tout a religious sanction for life. Yet what other sanctions exist? Well, laws, to be sure; but laws can be changed, as were the abortion laws by Supreme Court fiat. Laws depend on the convictions of those who choose the lawmakers. At present, those convictions are considerably shaped by the slap-happy secular model—you do your thing, I'll do mine; and, oh, yes, I do feel, in my inner self, your pain. By whatever route we fetched up at the bottom of this slope, no safe footing is to be found there. The old premise—life is good—washes much more poorly than it once did. "Consumer choice" increasingly becomes the determinant.

The question is much larger than suicide. Suicide is a corner of the picture: one response to the perception that the body belongs to its tenant and nobody better tell him how to use it, see?

Kevorkian today, Auschwitz tomorrow? That is one way of looking at it, and not the worst way by any means. (In *The Thanatos Syndrome*, Walker Percy does look at it so.) Just from the daily news we find that suicide has become in many instances an escape route not from pain but from responsibility.

I write these lines in the week a Florida man suspected of murdering his four-year-old son overpowered two policemen taking him to jail, shot them both to death, murdered a state trooper—and committed suicide. His indifference to human life was total: other's lives, his own life. As deftly as he might have chosen a Ford Taurus over a Geo, Fritos over Lays potato chips, our alienated consumer elected death over life. Next day, a 15-year-old boy, suspended from school for carrying a gun, barged into the high school cafeteria, firing his rifle as he went. "It didn't look like he was bothered by anything," a student said. "Like the shooting was just something he was doing."

In the 90's a religious stance is forbidden society? We cannot officially bury our pain and passions in piety toward the Creator of life? If not, we are in vast trouble. We need—promptly, decisively—to change. The religious view of life—its origins, its destinations—urgently needs resuscitation. Suicide as an imputed 20th-century "right"—on a par with trial by jury—would be a laughable concept, save that nothing about it is funny.

Poor Pier delle Vigne! Poor old thorn tree! Was he so terribly disadvantaged at that? Amid undeserved suffering he had one resource no enemy arrow could penetrate, no branding iron could scorch—the love and mercy of God. This he discarded. In the religious view—the Christian view that supposedly informed Pier and his contemporaries—earthly misery is no barrier to joy. If anything, according to that worldview, misery functions as a ladder, boosting the sufferer higher, higher, and so at last over the heavenly fence. Always provided he remains faithful—as Pier did not.

High on the list of diseases afflicting candidates for assisted suicide is amyotrophic lateral sclerosis—Lou Gehrig's disease; a truly awful way to die, marked by progressive paralysis of basic physical functions, including, at the last, breathing. Life with ALS can hardly be described as life at all.

Except that, in a case with which I am familiar—the case of a young traditionalist Episcopal priest with a ministry to Washington, D.C.'s, inner-city children—ALS proved a vehicle for heroism and inspiration. The priest and his family offered his suffering to God for whatever use the Creator of the Universe might make of it. He must have found it useful indeed. Happiness flooded the afflicted family: joy at serving the Lord and at awaiting His pleasure. That pleasure, the Lord had made known in the hearts of the afflicted, embraced ever so much more than the hospital bed on which his suffering servant lay. When the end finally came, it was not—how shall I put this?—the end. It was the beginning.

Such things are easy enough to say, I suppose, from the outside looking in. One should not draw unduly large deductions from someone else's sufferings. But, then, suffering is part of life. Unable to abolish it, we may indeed settle contentedly for escape. But there is another alternative: dealing with suffering, directly and forcefully; turning evil—it comes down to this—into good.

Can a secular world be made to see such things? Well, the world, before it was secular, saw such things with relative clarity. Whether it understood them perfectly or not, it drank them in with humility. Hearts might ooze blood in behalf of Pier delle Vigne; but as for the fitness of his punishment—that was just how things were. And had to be.

Neither "pluralism" nor the semi-paganism so fashionable today is an excuse for the refusal to assert the theological value of life. A defense of life on secular premises can be mounted—yes, of course. But these premises, as we see, are slender and weak. They collapse when stepped on hard, as with abortion and maybe also, quite soon, with euthanasia. Human will, human selfishness, human pride do the stepping. We're modern! What we want, we get! Or else.

Amid his thorny branches in the dark, dark wood, what must poor old Mr. delle Vigne be thinking? c

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Why Does Suicide Have a Bad Reputation?

by Ernest van den Haag

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Whether and when we enter this world is decided not by, but for us. Nor is it up to us to decide when to leave it. Most of us would like to stay longer than we are allowed—but our lifespan is ordained by forces beyond our control. We are quite resigned to this; however, when we become greatly impaired and life no longer holds much promise, some of us think of shortening it and of asking others to help if necessary. Is that legitimate? Are there serious moral objections?

In the past, the usual lifespan was brief and illness often ended it abruptly. The old were honored largely because they were so few. We live longer now, and death is likely to approach gradually, depriving us of our abilities one by one, until we sink into incompetence and finally unconsciousness. This has made shortening life more tempting. Yet most people feel that they ought to be no more responsible for their death than they were for their birth. Religion and tradition also tell us that we ought to wait patiently for our end and always try to postpone, never to advance it. The medical profession sees this as its main task, and most non-physicians as well think it presumptuous to engineer death ourselves. It might be premature in any case: unforeseen good things may still be in store. No animal commits suicide, and our animal instincts oppose it. Thus we are resigned to a natural death, the date not chosen by us, or known in advance.

But instinct, religion, and tradition do not always prevail. There would be no problem if they did. Suicides do occur, even though most people look upon them with horror, as an aberration explainable only by madness. Indeed, there frequently is a mental disorder; but not always. And the assumption that mental disorder *ipso facto* must be the cause of suicide conveniently avoids moral problems that ought to be addressed.

The pre-Christian ancients, perhaps with the exception of the Stoics, did not favor suicide. But they opposed it only mildly, thinking it reasonable at least in some situations and obligatory in others. However, the Judeo-Christian religion fervently opposes suicide, although there is no scriptural warrant for this opposition: the Bible nowhere condemns suicide. Yet the traditional opposition seldom is questioned even by those alienated from tradition. It rests on the belief that God created us in His image and endowed us with many abilities, including free will. We are the Creator's creatures. He gave us life—and He alone has the right to take it. We do not. "Thy will be done."

Under certain circumstances, others may lawfully and with divine sanction kill us, but we never are allowed to do so ourselves. Life is a gift from God, and it would be irreverent and impious to throw it away. Above all, our life is not ours to dispose of. We are but stewards entrusted with God's property. In some ways this view makes life appear as though a prison. God holds the key, and we are morally bound to stay until released. In due time He will let us out, to go to heaven or to hell. Meanwhile, attempts to escape by climbing over the walls are illegitimate and sinful and will be punished accordingly. Yet we did not volunteer for life. Whether we can legitimately volunteer for death is the problem—at least for the non-religious.

Philosophical arguments against suicide are neither cheerful nor persuasive. Aristotle thought that in many ways we are crea-

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Ernest van den Haag writes from New York City.

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tures of the communities that reared us and have a duty to live so that we may contribute to them. This is an uncommonly weak argument. It would follow that, should we become a burden on the community, suicide would become legitimate, perhaps even required. (Aristotle does not draw this inference.) Further, whatever the community did for us, we never volunteered to join it and to become obligated to live when we no longer want to. In modern times, involuntary obligations are always questionable, although most people recognize some such obligations, e.g., to their parents. An involuntary natural obligation to live may be analogously constructed. We also may be morally obligated to obey laws for which we did not volunteer. But laws prohibiting such things as murder or fraud protect us from one another, whereas the prohibition of suicide would protect us from ourselves. This does not seem to be called for. It is unclear to whom the obligation to live is owed and how it is justified. Aristotle further thought that suicide violates "right reason" and therefore is "unjust" toward nature and the state. Plato, too, opposed suicide without offering much of an argument. He writes, "A person who kills himself [is] violently robbing what fate has allotted," without bothering to argue the authority of fate. Why must we obey it when we can do otherwise?

John Locke decided that we own the product of our labor because "every man has a property in his own person" and, therefore, in whatever he produces. It would be a small step to infer that, since we own ourselves, we can dispose of ourselves and decide whether to live or die. Property, after all, is the right to dispose of what one owns. But, being a good Christian, Locke did not take this step. We remain God's creatures and owe a duty to live the life God gave us. "Everyone is bound to preserve himself and not to quit his station willfully." In effect, we don't fully own ourselves (contrary to what libertarians believe) but merely are in (temporary) possession, tenants on God's property.

Immanuel Kant opposed suicide as a violation of the duty to live. He thought we owe this duty to ourselves. But a duty owed by and to ourselves is not very different from a debt owed by and to ourselves—which we can always forgive. Actually, since the debtor and the creditor are the same person, no debt is really owed to anyone by anyone. To say that we owe a debt, or a duty, to ourselves means no more than that we feel we ought to do (or not to do) something. It adds no argument, only emphasis, to that feeling, while suggesting that an independent argument has been added. In the words of Thomas Hobbes: "He that can bind can release; and therefore he that is bound to himself only, is not bound."

The notion of a duty owed to oneself also may envision a split in the self between a part to which the duty is owed and the part owing it. Such internal conflicts do occur (without them psychotherapists could not make a living). Quite possibly, conscience (or our long-term interest) wants one thing and the pleasure-seeking part of the self another. Still, the duty to which conscience calls us is always a duty either to others or to some moral idea which we have accepted. Kant thought that our duty is to reason. (But he did not show that suicide is irrational.) The obligatoriness of the duty depends on the moral weight of its demands, not on its being a duty to oneself. And Kant did not actually offer a convincing argument for the duty to live.

Arthur Schopenhauer did not think highly of life. He was convinced that the suffering it brings exceeds its pleasures. (He did not tell how he measured and compared.) Since desire brings suffering in excess of the pleasure of fulfillment, Schopenhauer felt that we should strive for desirelessness, as he believed Hindus and Buddhists did. Thus, by avoiding life (for to avoid desire is to avoid life), we would avoid suffering. One might think that Schopenhauer would justify suicide, but he actually opposed it as an illegitimate means of achieving desirelessness. Buddhists thought that suicide would only bring reincarnation, not Nirvana. Schopenhauer's arguments seem unusually murky here. But one must remember that, by justifying suicide, philosophers would place themselves in an awkward position: they would have to justify staying alive while arguing in favor of being dead if they argued that suicide is obligatory, or even desirable. Schopenhauer preferred to make it attractive (or to make life unattractive) but futile. Among major philosophers, David Hume was alone in thinking suicide legitimate. He has remained alone.

Few people want to commit suicide and every effort should be made to dissuade them, for their wish may be temporary. However, if they are altogether resolved, they cannot be prevented at length from carrying out their intention, and if they are mentally competent, there is no justification for thwarting them. There is no justification either for denying help to those who, although mentally competent, are physically so disabled that they need and request help to end their life. Their wish for ending their life is more intelligible than that of others. But no excuse is needed from a secular viewpoint. It is your life to end or to continue.

Why do so many people insist that suicide always ought to be prevented even when preventing it prolongs the hopeless suffering of incurably sick persons? Why does suicide horrify people? Chaste persons not only abstain from illicit sex, but also usually think that those who do not are morally wrong (or at least weak) and should be prevented from doing what they want. That is also how people who want to live feel about people who want to die. Could it be, then, that we feel that those who do not act according to the survival instinct we all share are, as it were, traitors to life, quitters who give in to a temptation that must be shunned, even though (or perhaps because) it is felt at times by nearly everyone?

Murdering others is wrong and a crime because it takes the life of those who were entitled to live and did not want to die. But suicide ends the life of a person who no longer wishes to live. He obviously consents to taking his own life, or to having it taken. What makes killing others wrong, what makes homicide murder, is lack of consent. Consensual intercourse is legitimate, but non-consensual intercourse is rape and a crime. The law acknowledges the difference which consent makes with regard to sex (and to property) but ignores it with regard to homicide, including assisted suicide, perhaps because consent cannot be valid if (as religious dogma asserts) we don't own ourselves; more likely because consensual intercourse (or property transfer) is common, whereas consensual homicide certainly is not.

We all have an instinctive wish to continue living. But instincts leave us some choice, allowing reason to direct our actions, sometimes in defiance of our instincts. Unlike animals, we have a choice, and can act according to our moral norms. Yet the prevailing hostility to suicide and its infamous reputation have led our society to cruel and immoral policies. We threaten to punish anyone, including physicians, who helps another to end his life.

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There are dangers in legalizing assisted suicide or euthanasia, mainly concerning competent and informed consent. But these dangers can be surmounted by appropriate precautions. Once we discard the presumption (actually a circular definition) that all persons bent on suicide *ipso facto* are insane, we have to make sure that those requesting assistance are mentally competent. Some objectors insist that this can never be reliably ascertained. This seems absurd. Laymen as well as psychiatrists are quite capable of distinguishing persons of sound mind from others who, temporarily or permanently, are not. Were it not so, valid contracts or wills could never be made, and no business could be done. It is bizarre to argue that we can distinguish the sane from the insane except when it comes to people who wish to die. The possibility of abuse which bedevils all human practices can never be eliminated altogether, but safeguards can minimize abuse. To argue that physicians, once they are authorized to help those who request help to end their life, would also shorten the life of people who wanted to live is no better than arguing that once physicians are authorized to amputate diseased limbs, they will amputate healthy ones as well. No slope is that slippery.

Why does suicide have such a bad reputation? It defies what we instinctively feel and want to believe: that life is always worth living, whatever the circumstances. It seems to reject life itself and thereby to breach the solidarity of the living. Without this solidarity, there can be no society. Human solidarity, cultivated by religious, political, and educational institutions, takes many forms. But those who breach it by suicide are always seen as renegades. They used to be ostracized even in death. Plato urged that they be interred in "isolated" graves. In the Middle Ages, they were denied consecrated ground, and a stake was driven through their hearts. Yet some cultures have made allowances for suicide. It has not endangered their societies. Suicide is not infectious (despite occasional imitations), and it is unlikely ever to become popular enough to endanger any society. Nothing is lost, then, if we stop hindering or prohibiting assistance. Something is gained. We will, at last, allow individuals to control their lifespan within the boundaries set by nature, and we will reduce or eliminate the immense undeserved suffering to which hitherto we have sentenced so many innocent people.

C

Refrains

by R. S. Gwynn

What words suffice to save beleaguered thrones?
If simple iteration holds the key,
I don't remember meeting Paula Jones.

I don't recall, for deep within my bones
Lurks plausible deniability.
What words suffice to save beleaguered thrones?

Like Sisyphus, who rolled redundant stones,
My fate is to repeat eternally:
I don't remember meeting Paula Jones.

What counts is that posterity condones
All kinds of excess: look at Kennedy.
What words suffice to save beleaguered thrones?

Less said the better, Wisdom's voice intones.
Stonewall it, offers one preceding me.
I don't remember meeting Paula Jones.

And if I didn't use the White House phones
Or tape myself like Nixon, glory be!
What words suffice to save beleaguered thrones?
We don't remember meeting Paula Jones.

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Beautiful Afternoons

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"None of you has ever seen a gentleman."
—Charles Eliot Norton

A Thread of Years
by John Lukacs
New Haven: Yale University Press;
481 pp., $30.00

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

"You have been writing," the author's alter ego tells him at the conclusion of this book, "about the decline not of the West but of the Anglo-American upper class." As *A Thread of Years* makes plain, however, the two entities have been so closely entwined that, for a period of about two centuries anyway (roughly 1750 to 1955), the idea of the second could not be surgically removed from the fact of the first without fatal results for them both. And so Lukacs's book, ostensibly a meditation on the decline of the ideal of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman, is actually an imaginative summation of the great themes of the author's 18 previous ones: the end of the modern age, the passing of bourgeois civilization, historical consciousness (and unconsciousness), and the relationship between ideas and the people who hold them—and yes, the *collapse* of the West, the nearly complete "erosion of beliefs and of institutions and of manners and morals and habits that can no longer be restored."

John Lukacs, who for years has insisted on his inability to produce a novel for the reason that he cannot invent a plot, has nevertheless written a novelistic work that by some stretch—not much—of contemporary critical standards might be called an experimental novel, though Lukacs himself suggests that his effort may represent an attempt at a new genre. ("Do not take this too seriously. My attempt is imperfect, and I have no interest in inventing new and startling forms.") Each of the book's 69 chapters, one for every year from 1901 to 1969, consists of a vignette emblematic of that year, followed by a debate about its uncertain meaning between the author and his other self, who frequently undertakes the role of challenger. (Lukacs suggests that, in these debates, the author represents his European self while the interlocutor is his American one; for me, the difference is more between John Lukacs in print and in private conversation.) These vignettes are impressionistic and entirely fictitious (the exception being "1938," which describes Herbert Hoover attending an opulent luncheon given by Hermann Goering), having to do with private, rather than historical, figures.

A Thread of Years, like every good book, is an escape into truth. Lukacs begins it by quoting Huizinga on "historical sensation" or "historical contact":

> If it takes any form at all this remains composite and vague; a sense of streets, houses, fields as well as sounds, colors or people moving . . . . The historic sensation is not the sensation of living in the past again but of understanding the world, perhaps as one does with listening to music.

So effective is *A Thread of Years* at the sensate level, evoking even more than it says, that a second reading is useful fully to appreciate the thematic statement and development, both of them profound and inclusive, registering symptoms of "the sad decline of a civilization" across a broad range of human experience.

Theodore Dreiser to the contrary, the real American tragedy, Lukacs argues, is

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not the story of the country's Clyde Griffithses but the trajectory of the American patrician class. By 1901 the British and American empires were the twin superpowers of their day, although the locus of power had already passed to the United States, where it continued to move still farther west.

> The power of the Anglo-American world in 1901 was inseparable from the worldwide prestige of the originally English ideal of the gentleman. That ideal, transformed and qualified by specifically American conditions and ideas, existed in the United States, too, incarnated and represented by a minority of people whose influence still exceeded their numbers. For many reasons: because of some of the inadequacies latent within the ideal itself; because of the shortcomings of many of those who thought, or pretended, to represent it; and finally because of their waning self-confidence—the ideal faded. That this belongs within the history of this century may be the theme of this book.

If Lukacs really has created a new literary genre, the first thing to be said about it is that it is not especially kind to reviewers. In 69 impressionistic scenes whose cast of characters includes two gentlemen talking in the Philadelphia Club on the day President McKinley is shot (1901); an American, a Norwegian, and an Austrian hiking in the Carpathian Mountains (1908); three Hungarian-born Jews sitting in the Hotel Bristol in Vienna (1919); a young American couple buying an Italian automobile in Brescia (1924); three American Catholic priests in Munich to purchase a painting (1927); a youngish convert to the Catholic Church visiting her Quaker relatives in Philadelphia (1928); a second-generation immigrant pianist entertaining society people with Gershwin, Kern, and Rodgers and Hart in private rooms in a grand hotel in New York (1929); an Anglo-Irish woman visiting old money in Aiken, South Carolina (1933); an English liberal historian lecturing at Bryn Mawr (1936); a Polish foreign policy scholar addressing the first public meeting of the United Nations Council of Philadelphia (1943); imprisoned French collaborationists hoping the Germans will return in time to save *la France* (1944); patrician, progressive Philadelphians having a dinner party on the terrace outside their renovated house (1946); guests at a cocktail reception at the Spanish consulate in Philadelphia (1951); Hungarian refugees arriving in New Jersey on an Air Force plane (1956); a young Irish-American professor coming to believe that intellectualism is *synonymous* with liberalism (1962); a Philadelphia society girl moved to bohemian New York (1964); the board of directors of a Catholic college lunching at an Italian restaurant in North Philadelphia (1965); a New York stockbroker and his wife retired to their Maine island (1968); and a Philadelphia gentleman painter named "K." (the "pseudo-protagonist" whose birth occurs at the beginning of this book and whose death marks the end of it), Lukacs covers a lot of territory, historically and geographically speaking.

This is part of it: the naivete and sterility of Progressivism; Owen Wister and the American cowpuncher as the Last Cavalier; the attempted rapprochement of the English and the American peoples in a period in which America was no longer an Anglo-Saxon country; the reluctance of many of the imperial English to be rulers of the world; the importance of the discovery of radium and uranium as changing elements; the difficulty Americans have in differentiating what they believe from what they *think* they believe; how America changed its Catholic immigrants (and the Church too, to some extent) rather than being changed by them; why "all immigrants lie" to themselves and to Americans about their reasons for coming to America; how America is really older than Europe (practical, non-intellectual Americans have been largely unable to comprehend modernist Europe, its political movements as well as its cultural ones); how the standardization of culture produces caricature as well as conformity; how humanistic civilization has given way to scientistic culture; the rise of the liberal intellectual class and the modern intellectual; how Progressivist and Populist America was open to the "celluloid dreamworld of the movies," and how Hollywood came to symbolize the rise and decline of the American Century; the split-mindedness that allows Americans to change their ideas without changing themselves; the replacement of aristocratic diplomacy by the bureaucratic kind; the fading of the English masculine ideal; an instance of what Flannery O'Connor called "an action of grace," poignantly described; the yearning of second-generation immigrants for urbane American elegance; the puerility of modern American men; the unwillingness of Americans to think about, let alone argue, "controversial" topics and their willingness to accept anything, in time; the neo-medievalism of the American mind in the 1950's; the tendency of Americans to mistake ideas for principles; a new kind of intellectual dishonesty, pervading all of contemporary life in America; the "strange atrophy" of the American will; and the barbarization of life in the United States.

It sounds like a fair question to ask, "What do all these subjects have in common anyway, and what have they to do with the decline of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman?" The answer is, "Everything," as Lukacs so compellingly and deftly reveals. The ideal of the gentleman, after all, is not a matter of snobbery, nor is it a trivial and superficial one confined appropriately to *Town and Country* and the old *Vanity Fair*. If for 200 years the English-Americans were "the most respected and admired men in the world," gentlemanliness was for much, much longer almost as basic a component of English civilization as Christianity, one of the two main sources of the ideal—the other being chivalry, itself a paganized offshoot of Christendom originating in the 12th century in southern France. For much of English history the gentlemanly ideal was as essential to English civilization as the egalitarian one is to contemporary culture in England and America—which is why Lukacs identifies popular sovereignty, together with science (scientism, really), as foremost among its destroyers. The idea of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman is radical to our civilization, the sap that had lifted the basic nutritional elements through the trunk and dispersed it to the twigs at the ends of the branches. Cut off the flow and the entire tree is affected. In fact, it dies.

Lukacs sees a failure of will—nerve is perhaps a better word—in the catastrophe. It is an interesting question, however, to what extent the Anglo-American ideal contained the seeds of its own destruction—meaning, I suppose, how extensive were its weaknesses and how much of it was, indeed, illusory. An ideal ceaselessly subjected to continued re-

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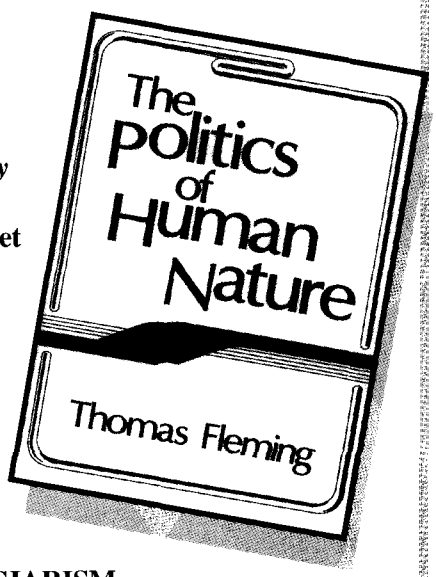

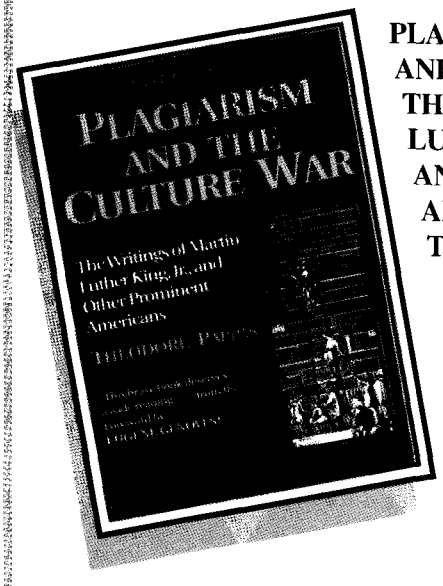

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finement, perhaps, in time resulted in idealism that conduced, in turn, to a weakening of the basic racial metal. On the other hand, the Anglo-American gentleman enjoyed, as Lukacs, observes, "a good run." Nothing human lasts forever; while history (like uranium and radium) is a changing element.

The values-and-virtues crowd, which is always warning us that we must cast our vote for them and give them money to forefend the destruction of America, are Chicken Littles with bits and pieces of blue sky hanging around their necks. H.L. Mencken, back in the 20's, predicted that the United States would "blow up" in a hundred years. Lukacs thinks the living body became a walking corpse *sometime before* 1969, *just two-thirds of* the way into the century that began so bravely for the Anglo-Americans, who felt they held it with so strong a grip that it could not be wrested from them. Today their descendants are living beneath the rubble, witness to something greater even than the New World Disorder envisioned by Paul Kennedy and Robert Kaplan: a preview, can it be, of hell itself?

People—old-line conservatives, usually—who think this way are constantly reprimanded for their "pessimism," their "lack of faith" in America and in the future of humanity. Indeed, hope is a virtue. But the belief that history will not have a "happy" ending (except perhaps in the sense that *Titanic* does: *somebody* has to get the last girl) is a matter of faith, not of blasphemy. And so, *A Thread of Years* ends on a note of thanksgiving—of simple, gentlemanly Christian faith.

> It's all over for this work, for this book, and probably for most of the world that I (and you, my alter ego) cherish and stick to, but God is infinitely good, since it is He and not Voltaire who allows and even prods us to cultivate our garden. And what a beautiful afternoon it is! . . . Look at the color of the water. And at Stephanie's yellow and blue flowers. That heap of pots there is her job, but there are my heads of asparagus appearing and the raspberries are coming out. Let's try to coax her out of the kitchen and busy ourselves there. What a beautiful afternoon this is!

(Why does that passage sound like a description of an idyllic English afternoon in the late summer of 1914?) c

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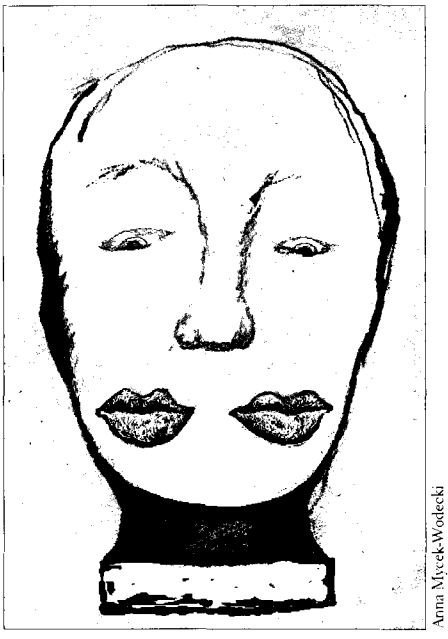
Deconstructing America

by Samuel Francis

"You can take a man out of a country, but you can't take a country out of a man."
—Anonymous



Anna Mycek-Wodecki

The Unmaking of Americans: How Multiculturalism Has Undermined the Assimilation Ethic
by John J. Miller
New York: The Free Press;
293 pp., $25.00

◆

In Ed Wood's notoriously bad 1950's science-fiction movie, *Plan Nine From Outer Space*, there is a scene in which the film's star, the decrepit Bela Lugosi, is shown walking into a room; the following scene shows the same character coming into the room from the other side of the door. But while it is Lugosi who walks into the room in the first scene, the actor who plays the character in the second scene is clearly not Lugosi. Between the filming of the two scenes Lugosi had died, and Wood, with his usual ineptitude, was obliged to cast an extra as the same character—of course, without explanation.

Those familiar with *Plan Nine* may be reminded of it in reading John J. Miller's new book on the assimilation of immigrants and the threats to assimilation that he sees, the two scenes in the movie—with and without Lugosi—serving perhaps as a metaphor for what Mr. Miller and his brand of pro-immigration conservatism imagine happens to immigrants as they pass through the Golden Door of the United States. While they usually don't die in the process, they do become entirely different characters, and we (or at least Mr. Miller) can watch them walk through the door on one side as foreigners and emerge on the other as Americans. Of course, in the movie that's not what was supposed to happen, while, in the real world (as opposed to the imaginary one conceived of by Mr. Miller), it doesn't happen at all.

Mr. Miller appears to be in favor of virtually unlimited immigration to the United States by just about anyone or anything that can walk, crawl, swim, fly, or flop across the borders, but he believes also in the assimilation or "Americanization" of immigrants. His main targets in his book are two sets of people who oppose either assimilation (the multiculturalists of the left) or immigration itself (whom he dubs the "neo-nothings" of the right). The "neo-nothings" include most of those who write for this magazine on the subject of immigration—myself (guilty of "racial paranoia"), Chilton Williamson (whom it is tempting to "write off as a crank from the nut wing of the conservative movement"), former *National Review* editor Peter Brimelow, and "one of our gloomiest prognosticators," Thomas Fleming. Mr. Miller has adapted his devilishly clever sobriquet "neo-nothings" from the anti-immigration "Know Nothings" of the early 19th century, but only after some pages of tittering over his new term does he inform us that they were called Know Nothings not because they were ignoramuses but because they were supposed to say "I know nothings" about the secret political society of which they were members. That is not what Mr. Miller means about us.

Our problem is that we harbor "a particularist view of American culture," in which "to become an insider [i.e., to assimilate], a person must undergo a long-term and complex process of socialization that should begin at birth. Americans are a people," in the neo-nothing view,

> not because they are dedicated to a proposition, as Abraham Lincoln said at Gettysburg, but because they share in a distinct national culture that is ultimately rooted in an assortment of commonalities. These commonalities are based on kinship, religion, territory, language, or other characteristics. Forget all the high-flying rhetoric Americans hear on the Fourth of July.

Aside from a few quibbles about this formulation, he's right. That is exactly what "neo-nothings" (otherwise known generally as "paleoconservatives") believe and why they are opposed to the kind of mass immigration Mr. Miller not only favors

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Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist and editor of the Samuel Francis Letter, *a monthly newsletter.*

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but thinks is imperative.

In Mr. Miller's view, "The United States can welcome immigrants and transform them into Americans because it is a 'proposition country,'" a "universal nation" in Ben Wattenberg's happy phrase, and the proposition by which the American nation defines itself, that all men are created equal, means that the "very sense of peoplehood derives not from a common language but from their adherence to a set of core principles about equality, liberty, and self-government. These ideas . . . are universal. They apply to all humankind. They know no racial or ethnic limits. They are not bound by time or history. And they lie at the center of American nationhood. Because of this, these ideas uphold an identity into which immigrants from all over the world can assimilate, so long as they, too, dedicate themselves to the proposition." Mr. Miller, it is by now evident, doesn't know what he's talking about.

In the first place, it is not true that the "proposition" that "all men are created equal" and the ideas derived from it are universal and "not bound by time or history." If they were so, there would never have been any dispute about them, let alone wars and revolutions. No one fights wars about the really self-evident axioms and derived propositions of Euclidean geometry. Mr. Miller's propositions are very clearly the products of a very particular time and place—late 18th-century Europe and America—and would have been almost inconceivable 50 years earlier or 50 years later. Nor have they ever appeared in any other political society at any other time absent their diffusion from Europe or America. Moreover, they are based on concepts of anthropology and history, including an entirely fictitious "state of nature," a "social contract," and a view of human nature as a *tabula rasa*, that no student of human society or psychology took seriously after the mid-19th century.

In the second place, America as a nation is not based on or defined by these ideas, and Mr. Miller's own account of the history of immigration and naturalization in American history makes this obvious. You don't have to suffer from "racial paranoia" to know that, until 1965, immigration and naturalization laws in the United States tended to exclude or restrict non-European entry or citizenship, while, aside even from those restrictions, the American national identity has centered around various obvious identities of community, kinship, class, religion, territory, and region, not to mention the equally obvious linguistic and political heritage of Great Britain. The egalitarian universalism Mr. Miller thinks is the defining core of the American nation logically implies a unitary mass democratic state, and in some passages Mr. Miller suggests that this is what he wants and believes in. It certainly does not justify the federalist political anatomy of the United States, states' rights, and the balanced structure and powers of the federal government itself. Those essential features of the American political order are comprehensible only as adaptations of the British (or what the Framers thought was the British) constitution. Insofar as the abstractions of equality and universality have been meaningful in American history, it has been because they presupposed this common culture and common political tradition in which their limits were clearly understood. Ignore or destroy the "commonalities" of our real national identity, and the universal propositions Mr. Miller gloats over will be as meaningful as they were in the constitution of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Miller and his fellow universalists would say that all these particularities are merely violations of or deviations from the universal code that defines the nation, but he never offers any reason to believe that very many Americans until the 1960's accepted universalism as the defining code of the nation, or any explanation why his "proposition" (a one-sentence fragment of the Declaration) should be the key to the code—let alone a demonstration why political universalism is itself desirable or true. If few Americans took it seriously, or if almost all of them continuously violated it, in what sense can it be said to have defined the identity of the nation? Like almost all other manifestos of universalism, Mr. Miller's relies on assertion and repetition, not evidence.

Of course, when Mr. Miller talks about a "proposition country," he (again) doesn't know what he is saying. Phrases like "proposition country" or "universal nation" are contradictions in terms, oxymorons. Countries and nations are by definition territorial aggregates of populations with shared characteristics, some of them inherited, some of them historical. What he really means when he writes that "the United States is a proposition country" is that the United States ought to abandon (as it has been abandoning since the 1960's) its particularistic features and redefine itself along ideological lines. In that way it could take an honored place alongside the other ideological states of the 20th century, most of which have by now crumbled in war or revolution after several generations of tyrannically trying to fit the real nations to the false ideology.

But by ignoring, denying, and dismissing the particularisms that define American nationhood, Mr. Miller makes "assimilation" easy. All you have to do to assimilate is come here and assent to the proposition. In his account of assimilation, however, Mr. Miller seldom discusses what that assent—aside from the most elementary political participation as voters in the mass electorate—involves, let alone the countless political and social implications of the bland vagary that "all men are created equal." In one passage, however, he is almost eloquent in his discussion of what being an American really means. In a paean to McDonald's as the great assimilator, Mr. Miller writes,

> There may be nothing more American than working beneath the golden arches. For immigrants, McDonald's is a great place to learn about basic American work habits: filling out an employment application, showing up on time, taking care of a uniform, functioning on a team, keeping things clean, dealing with customers, operating a computerized register, making change, and speaking English.

Paleoconservatives as well as many who take the proposition more seriously than I may wonder what taking care of a uniform and filling out job applications have to do with having been created equal, but everyone will wonder what they have to do with being an American. As for speaking English, Mr. Miller is properly concerned about the failures of bilingual education and properly eager to abolish it, but why should adherents of the proposition have to speak a common language? Isn't the proposition valid in other languages too? Mr. Miller says, "It matters because it is our common language. . . . No nation is complete without a culture, not even a nation that dedi-

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cates itself to a proposition. The English language is without question a vital part of American national culture." Of course, as quoted above, Mr. Miller earlier says that our national identity "derives not from a common language," but if the language is a "vital part" of our culture, that isn't quite true. And if the language is vital, why are certain other features, also deeply imbedded in our culture, not vital as well?

Mr. Miller thinks that multiculturalism somehow denies or rejects the universalist proposition just as much as neonothingism does. Maybe some of its proponents do, but on the whole it is Mr. Miller's own universalism that drives multiculturalism. Multiculturalists are just a bit more logical than he, since they grasp, as he does not, that (a) only if we are a universal nation can the immigration of people of many cultures be justified and (b) cultural variation is irrelevant to whether the proposition works precisely because the proposition is universal: it is supposed to work in any culture, and thus the presence of many cultures should not pose a problem for it. Moreover, Mr. Miller never tumbles to the obvious truth that multiculturalism, while the product of a few academics and educators, owes what influence it possesses to the mass immigration he idolizes. He quotes Senator Ted Kennedy as justifying bilingual education on the grounds that "the United States is the fifth largest Spanish-speaking country in the world . . . surely our educational system should not be designed so that it destroys the language and culture of children from Spanish-speaking backgrounds." In the absence of large numbers of Spanish-speakers, there would be no reason to have bilingual education; in the absence of many immigrant cultures, there would be no reason to teach or push multiculturalism.

Mr. Miller concludes his book with a list of measures that he believes would facilitate assimilation: color-blind law, reducing illegal immigration, abolishing bilingual education, and so forth. I have no objection to any of them, but neither he nor very many of his fellow pro-immigration conservatives ever do much of anything to promote them, while some go out of their way to oppose them. What Mr. Miller never tells us is why we should have any immigration at all, leaving the reader to infer that his enthusiasm for the alien derives from a deep-seated and probably not entirely conscious resentment of the real American nation. The multiculturalism that he denounces and the decomposition of the nation that it produces are the logical and practical results of the kind of immigration policies that he and his faction of conservatism demand, while all his invocations of a universalism that is nothing more than the 200-year-old chatter of Parisian salons and an "Americanization" that locks immigrants into a homogenized slavery to a transnational corporate economy of mass consumption will do nothing to keep the nation and its people intact and much to advance their destruction. If and when Mr. Miller grows up and comes to terms with the real American nation, he may begin to understand the extent of the betrayal he has helped to perpetrate. What walks through the Golden Door with his blessing and assistance, it turns out, is still Bela Lugosi.

c

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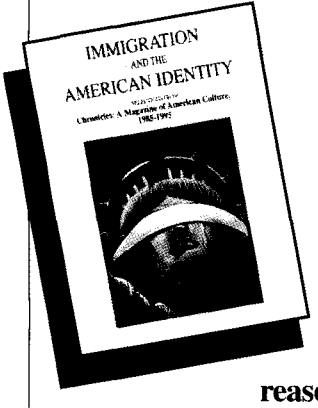

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Against the Racketeers

by Paul Gottfried

Esau's Tears: Modern Anti-Semitism and the Rise of the Jews
by Albert S. Lindemann
Cambridge: Cambridge University Press; 568 pp., $34.95

◆

Albert S. Lindemann has touched raw nerves with *Esau's Tears*. Playing on the rabbinic legend that the Messiah will come only when Jacob's elder brother ceases to lament being cheated of his birthright—i.e., when the gentile nations no longer feel hatred for Jacob's descendants—Lindemann offers a *vue d'ensemble* of modern anti-Semitism as a response to Jewish social and political emancipation in Europe and the United States which emphatically rejects the notion that Jews have been merely "passive objects of venomous prejudice." The latter view, which Lindemann properly attributes to Ruth Wisse, Robert Wistrich, and other contributors to *Commentary*, has earned him the effusive hostility of those with whom he disagrees. In January and April, Wistrich—a highly polemical writer with few scholarly accomplishments—castigated Lindemann in *Commentary* as an apologist for anti-Semites and Cambridge University for putting "its imprint on so biased and ignominious a work."

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Yet the controversial passages of *Esau's Tears* are restricted almost entirely to the opening and closing sections of the book. There Lindemann goes after special pleaders associated with *Commentary* and pokes fun at the equation made by Alan Dershowitz and Orthodox Jewish leaders between the Nazi "rape" of the Jews and the "poisonous seduction" practiced on them by friendly Christians. He argues that Jews in Central and Eastern Europe shaped to some extent the conditions of their existence by their relations with their host nations. Thus, while Hungarian Jews made efforts at Magyarization, those in Rumania and Poland were, on the whole, less open to assimilation and to social contact with the broader culture. Lindemann questions the truth of the argument that, for Jews in countries like Germany which were infected by "eliminationist" anti-Semitism, Jewish actions and attitudes were necessarily unavailing. Tortured arguments by Daniel Goldhagen to the contrary, he finds no evidence suggesting that murderous anti-Semitism was widespread among the German people before Hitler's coming to power and notes that, in areas where Jews were largely assimilated, they were able to obtain gentile assistance and, in some cases, even to blend into the surrounding population during the Nazi occupation. In Poland, where Jews suffered most grievously, the majority of them had lived in social and cultural isolation.

Despite its provocative tone in places, *Esau's Tears* for the most part simply reprises long-accepted views regarding Jewish populations resident in various countries. Lindemann's discussion of the condition of the Jews in England is glowingly Anglophile, while what he has to say about Jews in the United States—America has been kinder to Jews than most European countries owing to its positive view of commerce and getting ahead, and because the American Protestant ascendancy consisted of Old Testament Christians who took a generous view of the nation of Moses and Jesus—is identical with what used to be taught in Reform Jewish Sunday Schools in the days before the upsurge of Jewish victimology.

I, for one, am dubious about Lindemann's claim (which he later qualifies) that anti-Semitism was disappearing in Victorian England but raging in 19th-century Germany. As a scholar of European social and intellectual history, I believe that the English shared with the Germans a social and cultural anti-Semitism, though neither people was as steeped in this prejudice as were the French, the Austrians, or the Russians. A tendency exists to exaggerate German hostility to Jews—and to minimize, in contrast, corresponding English attitudes—as a result of events that occurred in interwar Europe. Moreover, Lindemann makes a point that helps explain the less frenzied reaction in England to the socioeconomic rise of the Jews: unlike German Jews who tried to assimilate and even intermarry, English Jews were more parochial, strongly resisting (as Arthur Balfour noted) invitations to mingle with English society. And this was doubly true of Eastern European Jews who, coming to England in the late 19th century, were far more ghetto-bound than the Anglo-Sephardim who had crossed the Channel two centuries earlier. It may have been this stand-offishness and even genetic exclusivity, approved by English philo-Semites, that made Jews appear less threatening to the English social establishment than they seemed to its German counterpart.

Robert Wistrich accuses Lindemann of believing that "Jews are largely responsible for the hatreds they encounter" and that "Gentile tears will not stop flowing until the Jews reform themselves . . . or possibly disappear as a distinct entity." Nowhere does Lindemann say anything so unequivocal, much of his text seeming to incorporate the work of George Mosse, Lucy Dawidowicz, and other historians identified with the "blameless victim" school of thought. Lindemann's book, indeed, has two besetting problems. The first is the voluminous retelling of what others have already written; the second and more bothersome is the compulsion to cover all interpretive bases at the same time. Lindemann both

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believes and disbelieves that Jews contributed to their victimization; that late 19th-century German anti-Semitism "assumed obscure shapes and shadows" leading to Nazism; that it was typologically similar to what was found in England; and that the Final Solution depended on the "contingency" of Hitler's "peculiar personality." Between the arresting assertions maintained at the beginning and at the end of the book, the body of it offers a grab bag of secondary literature. But however innocuous the greater part of *Esau's Tears*, Lindemann—predictably—has been vilified for speaking forbidden truths: that anti-gentile hostility has been basic to Jewish identity; that this hostility has acquired importance, with the decline of anti-Semitism, as an intra-ethnic glue; that continuous Jewish persecution under Christianity is a fiction; that Christians have not exhibited a single unified response to Jews; and that Jewish behavior has played a critical role in determining relations between the Jews and Christian societies.

What Lindemann does *not* explain is why Christians have come to think differently on these matters than they once did. It is not Jews alone who push Jewish victimology, any more than black history is an industry composed exclusively of black people: members of a disintegrating Christian society cheer on attacks against their own heritage and champion the victimological claims of "marginalized" minorities. In an obvious allusion to demands by the American and German left that the German people overcome their national past, Lindemann asks, rhetorically, "Should we expect people who are part of a victimized group, or who define themselves as powerless, to do any 'mastering'?" Black History Month, he observes, "is not much concerned with mastering uncomfortable relations—except those that *others* are uncomfortable about."

Celebrants of victimhood are responding to the collapse of the broader culture. Absurd claims—such as that Jewish media moguls favor black candidates for employment from a shared experience of being "outsiders" in America—have become unchallenged substitutes for the truth. White gentiles, as well as black and Jewish victimologists, *wish* to believe grotesquely false or exaggerated accusations about the world they are abandoning. That is the *real* context of the controversy stirred by *Esau's Tears*: Lindemann's unwillingness to allow the victimology racket to proceed unchallenged.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, and the author, most recently, of After Liberalism: Mass Democracy in the Managerial State *(Princeton).*

The Leading Man

by Frank Brownlow

Birthday Letters
by Ted Hughes
New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 198 pp., $20.00

◆

On June 16, 1956, Ted Hughes married Sylvia Plath in London. He was a recent graduate of Cambridge University, working for the J. Arthur Rank Organization; she, a Smith College graduate at Cambridge on a Fulbright scholarship. Both were poets. The marriage lasted six years and produced two children. In late summer 1962 the couple separated, and on the morning of Monday, February 11, 1963, Sylvia Plath, acutely depressed, committed suicide in her London flat.

In the 35 years since then, during which both their poetic reputations have prospered independently, the tragic aftermath of their marriage has kept them linked in people's minds. Both have their partisans. To some people—most of them probably women or American—Sylvia Plath was a martyr, and Ted Hughes is a villain. To others, who believe that Plath was chiefly the victim of her own mental instability, Hughes is a more sympathetic figure entitled to take some credit from his marriage and the long, often grueling, aftermath—even if everyone would agree that a man who leaves a wife and two small children, for whatever reason, is open to some criticism.

Ted Hughes's *Birthday Letters* consists of 88 poems written for the most part in a kind of free blank verse, all but one of them addressed to his dead wife. According to the jacket copy, he began writing them shortly after her suicide; their composition therefore extended over more than 25 years. Readers familiar with Sylvia Plath's life and writing will recognize many of the poems' subjects: her meeting and marriage with Hughes, their travels across America, their life in Devonshire, and the birth of their children. Here too is her ride on the runaway horse, the time she smashed her husband's table, and the one when she shocked him by destroying an unknown countryman's rabbit snare, found during a walk. The sequence, then, is an extended lyric commentary on a story which will be familiar in outline, and sometimes in detail, to many of its readers. It has been told often enough at second, third, and fourth hand, but this is the first time Ted Hughes, who has maintained strict silence on the subject, has commented upon it.

Writers in newspapers and pundits in colleges, speaking about the volume's appearance, have tended to assume that the author has published his side of the story in poetic form to vindicate himself. This is unlikely, since Ted Hughes knows better than anyone that vindication is impossible, while anything he publishes on the subject will be taken in some quarters as provocation. This, presumably, is why he has refused to be interviewed about his book. Besides, if vindication were his intention, a volume of poems would not be an effective way to achieve it. Many of the people with the strongest views on the Plath-Hughes story could not construe a poem accurately if their lives depended upon it.

Ted Hughes is a poet, and he has published a book of poems. That much we know; somehow, despite the notoriety of the subject, we ought to try to read his poems as poetry. *Birthday Letters* is not a poetic diary or a versified file of newspaper articles, though some people seem to think that it is something of the sort. The *New York Times*, for instance, quoted an English professor as saying that the poems fail to answer crucial questions about the months leading up to Plath's death. That professor is evidently in the wrong business, but she is not alone in it.

Hughes has arranged the poems pretty much in the chronological order of the events they refer to, but it would be surprising if he had written them like that. The arrangement is a work of retrospection. One imagines a man drawn back continually, no matter what his other oc-

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cupations, to memories of a time when he found himself playing a part in a strange, very disturbing, private narrative that was turning out differently from the one he had thought he was in. "Nor did I know," he writes in "Visit," about his first encounters with Plath,

I was being auditioned
For the male lead in your drama,
Miming through the first easy
movements
As if with eyes closed, feeling
for the role.
As if a puppet were being tried on
its strings.

Poem by poem, over many years, he has brought his memories into focus until, the process finished and the poems arranged, he has the whole narrative in his control. It is still a strange and frightening one, but he has mastered it; now he knows what happened to him, to his wife, and family.

What emerges from this knowledge is a portrait of a relationship stalked by death from its beginning, despite the apparent happiness and suitability of the couple. Plenty of young couples start marriage with an idea of themselves as deliverers and preservers of their mates. Hughes's imagery of labyrinths, minotaurs, and other monsters, implying a version of himself as a failed Theseus or St. George, suggests that he was perfectly normal in this respect. What was not normal was that, given a choice between St. George and the dragon, his beautiful, clever, aggressively competitive wife chose the dragon. Some of the best poems in the book are on that subject, among them "The Minotaur" and "The Shot," which imply that Hughes's present understanding came only with hindsight. At the time, he felt bewilderment and apprehension, feelings rendered sometimes with great power as in "Setebos," a poem taking its metaphors from *The Tempest*, or with self-parodying humor, as in "Moonwalk":

I was the gnat in the ear
of the wounded
Elephant of my own
Incomprehension.

He now seems to believe that, quite early on, his wife was lost to him, caught in a web of obsessive personal fantasy from which no one could free her, and which eventually led to her death: at the center of it lurked the memory or image of her dead father.

The poems encompass a wide range of feeling, from exaltation and joy to terror. As anyone who knows Hughes's work would expect, in some of the most effective writing animals appear as bearers or harbingers of meaning, among them bats ("9 Willow Street," "Karlsbad Caverns"), owls ("Owl"), rabbits ("The Rabbit Catcher"), and bears ("The 59th Bear"):

I saw a big brown bear and a
smaller, darker,
Romping like big rubber toys,
Bouncing along, like jolly
inflatables
Among the tents and tables.

Some of the first poems evoke, besides forebodings, the romantic excitement of the young couple's first meetings, when

It seemed your long, perfect,
American legs
Simply went on up. That flat
hand,
Those long, balletic, monkey-
elegant fingers.
And the face—a tight ball of joy.

But besides memory, reflection, and diagnosis, there is also anger in this book. Some of it, muted to irritation, hovers about the figure of Plath herself, who must have been a difficult woman to live with. In "Wuthering Heights," visiting the ruins of the Brontës' world, she "breathed it all in / With jealous, emulous sniffings. Weren't you / Twice as ambitious as Emily?" he asks. In "The Rabbit Catcher," she "despised England's grubby edges . . . / That day belonged to the furies." And driving through Yellowstone, her spirits "as usual had gone right down with / The fuel gauge to the bottom."

Hughes's more forthright anger, though, is directed at those who, in his opinion, were cruel to Plath or exploited and misled her. Marianne Moore, for instance ("The Literary Life"), sent back some poems uncharitably:

"Since these seem to be valuable
carbon copies
(Somewhat smudged) I shall not
engross them."
I took the point of that "engross"
Precisely, like a bristle of glass,
Snapped off deep in my thumb.

"Night-ride on Ariel" and "Telos" excoriate the culture of school and college that made a precocious performer out of her for its own good rather than for hers; here Smith College and one of its faculty are among the targets. The angriest poem in the book, however, is "The Dogs Are Eating Your Mother." Next to last in the book, it is about the Plath-cultists who, besides despoiling (literally) her grave, have done their best to make Hughes's own life as miserable as possible. It is a very angry poem indeed.

Birthday Letters is a most unusual kind of volume, comparable in form, really, with Tennyson's *In Memoriam* or Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. Whatever the world's final verdict upon it as verse, it is a serious, ambitious work: intense, moving, often vivid and brilliant, it improves with repeated readings.

Frank Brownlow is a professor of English at Mt. Holyoke College. His most recent book is a biography of Robert Southwell.

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Pace, Pace Mio Dio

by J.O. Tate

Rosa Ponselle: American Diva
by Mary Jane Phillips-Matz
Boston: Northeastern University Press;
357 pp.; $29.95

◆

The outpouring of emotion caused by the recent death of Frank Sinatra may remind us of the power of music, and the particular power of the voice, to get under our skin. Sinatra hypnotized three generations with his smoothness, his rhythm, and his matchless enunciation—a notable achievement in English. But though the bobbysoxers called him "The Voice," Sinatra, whatever his accomplishments, never deserved *that* sobriquet. He didn't have the chops. And there have been a lot of other admirable singers who didn't altogether have what it takes in the vocal department, strictly speaking. So—who was "The Voice," then?

There are legitimate contenders for that title, a number of whom have been dead for well over a century. Then there are some 19th-century legends who come into view—or earshot—as their careers ended and the era of recording began. We can talk about some of the old *bel canto* singers, artists of the stature of Mattia Battistini, Fernando di Lucia, and others. But the old 78's really started spinning with Enrico Caruso, whose tenor still resounds. Titta Ruffo, the Lion of Baritones, was perhaps the only singer of his range with such charisma that he could sell out an opera house by himself. There were basses then, before and after the Great War, who left imposing evidence of their command: Plancon, Journet, Pinza. But when we look in the soprano range, some think, as I do, that we find The Voice—and this in competition, mind you, with Elizabeth Rethberg, Frieda Leider, Kirstin Flagstad, Maria Callas, Zinka Milanov, Montserrat Caballe—in Rosa Ponselle (1897-1981), the subject of Phillips-Matz's biography.

Writing a quarter of a century ago, Harold C. Schonberg did not mince words about the Ponselle effect, which he experienced many times:

> When Rosa Ponselle was singing, the vast distance between stage and upstairs standing room seemed diminished. That big, pure, colorful golden voice would rise effortlessly, hitting the stunned listener in the face, rolling over the body, sliding down the shoulder blades, making one wiggle with sheer physiological pleasure. There are voices and voices, and the Metropolitan Opera in the 1930's had many great ones. But there was nothing like the Ponselle sound, ever. To many of us it was the greatest single voice in any category. She had the low notes of a contralto, and a knockout high C; and there were no artificial registers to the voice—it went from bottom to top in the smoothest, most seamless of scales, with no shifting from chest to head.

That sounds about right. Ponselle was The Voice if anyone was. But for those of us who couldn't be there in the 1920's and 30's, there are compensations.

Mary Jane Phillips-Matz's new biography of Rosa Ponselle is one of those compensations. In telling the story of Ponselle's life, she has filled in the details of a legend. Of course, in Ponselle's case, the legend is true. Ponselle was a prodigy, and had the most auspicious and unlikely debut in operatic history. When she stood on the Metropolitan stage in *La Forza del Destino* with Caruso and Mardones just a few days after the end of the Great War, she had never had a formal music lesson or ever performed in opera before. She was the daughter of Italian immigrants named Ponzillo—an exuberant girl, tall, dark, striking. She was also blessed with humility and courage, both of which she would need.

Ponselle decided early to drop out of school, because she wanted to sing. This decision was one of those things that released her. She sang with her sister Carmela for the pleasure of it, and then they decided to sing for money, defying their family to do it. Rosa said that singing was the only thing she wanted to do, and that singing was the only thing she *could* do. Carmela and Rosa ap-

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peared in vaudeville as "Those Tailored Italian Girls." Their repertoire included "Kiss Me Again," "Swanee River," and "Are You from Dixie?" The transition to the Met was as outrageous as it sounds, including recognition not only by Caruso but by Victor Maurel, the first Iago and the first Falstaff. The next thing she knew Rosa, at the age of 21, had a contract with the Met and a lot to learn. Ponselle responded with all the effort she could muster, but she never completely overcame her fear of performing. She retired from the stage in 1939, though she maintained an engagement with the musical world in Baltimore and also coached such notables as Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Raina Kabaivanska, and James Morris. The recordings she made in 1954 show that she was still Rosa Ponselle, and that her voice had darkened and deepened with age.

Rosa Ponselle was more than a voice, or even The Voice. She was a sportswoman, a great lady, and, though a star, a person who maintained a certain honesty and simplicity all her life. She was a great singing actress with natural dramatic instincts, who believed what she sang. She was endowed with a tremendous gift, which included her "mask"—she liked to think she looked like Caruso. And she used that gift very well.

Like many artists, she was divided against herself in some way. She had an unwise relationship with an unscrupulous man in the 1930's, and married an abusive one later. Perhaps we can say that, like Tosca, she lived for art, and had to suffer in life. She was a diva after all and a great American, one whose image is now on a postage stamp.

The other compensation, besides Phillips-Matz's biography, is the legacy of the recordings of Rosa Ponselle. All of them are of compelling interest, and some are indispensable experiences. The collection of Columbia acoustics published by Pearl is mandatory—we hear her first operatic work as well as her vaudeville songs. Her later Victor electricals and her Villa Pace recordings have been gathered by Romophone. The 1935 broadcast of *La Traviata*, available on Pearl, wins no acoustical plaudits, but is a stunning demonstration of Ponselle's mastery.

Listening to Ponselle is something else—a glass of Barolo and a kick in the pants. What other singer of any kind so combines power and beauty, strength and agility, conviction and plush? How can we not think of Rosa Ponselle first, last, and always when we think of Verdi's two Leonoras, of Bellini's Norma, of Elvira and Aida—whenever, indeed, we think of music in the night and an inviolable voice?

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

Keeping Up With the News

by Harold McCurdy

Bleak is the prospect: wars and rumors of war,
Floods, or dearth of rain,
Steady or unsteady allergies, or
Diseases of the brain.

We crawlers on the earth, we squalid flocks,
Victims of circumstance,
Worship the high technology that unlocks
Pandora's box of Chance.

Our Doppler systems warn of passing storms
That might blow us away,
Our telescopes of asteroidal swarms
Threatening a future day.

For these and other benefits, and those
Hyped by the President,
We thank our scientists, and take the blows
They, unintending, invent.

Meanwhile, sex scandals give us some relief.
Our lives would otherwise
Be purely Hobbesian—brutish, nasty, and brief,
Under foreboding skies.

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Letter From Montana

by Uri Dowbenko

The Freemen Trial

◆

Ever heard of the Federal Protective Service? Like the commercial says—you will. I was taking a photo of the federal courthouse in Billings, Montana, when the police pulled up and stopped me. They asked me for my I.D. When I looked more closely at the cop's badge, I realized it wasn't the Billings Police. It wasn't the Montana State Police. It wasn't the Montana Highway Patrol. It wasn't the FBI or the United States Marshals. It was—surprise!—the Federal Protective Service. The cop's badge read "GSA."

The General Services Administration has a police force that stops people on American city streets? You could just say, "Bad Cop—No Donut," and let it go at that. But I was bold. I called Bill Bearden, media spokesman for the GSA. He defended the FPS: "The Federal Protective Service provides physical security, law enforcement and other services in federal buildings, U.S. courthouses, and GSA-controlled leased space. They are the federal police force. If they didn't know you were a reporter and they just saw you taking pictures of a federal building, it would send a flag to them to be security conscious enough to at least check out who you were." For "if they didn't do things like that, you could have the recurrence of the Oklahoma City bombing. It sounds like they were simply doing their job."

"You know what the spin on this story is?" I asked him. "It's kinder, gentler Nazis in Billings, Montana." "Ha, ha, ha," Bill laughed. "You laugh there in Washington D.C.," I said, "but this is absolutely outrageous."

Just like back in the U.S.S.R., boy. Under the Soviet dictatorship, people were forbidden to photograph certain public buildings. I shouldn't complain, though. Unlike the KGB, the GSA cops did not confiscate my camera or club me with nightsticks.

Living in a police state can make you paranoid. There's no doubt about it—the federal government does target groups like the Republic of Texas and the so-called Montana Freemen, who are on trial here in Billings. The Montana Freemen are a mixed bag of individuals who can best be characterized by being in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong "friends." Edwin Clark was a rancher and farmer in northeastern Montana. Elwin Ward happened to arrive just as the feds decided to create a "standoff." Jon Barry Nelson and Stewart Waterhouse were apparently "idealistic members of the militia who snuck onto the Clark ranch in order to help prevent the FBI from creating another Waco-type massacre," according to legal investigator Phillip Hoag. Steven, John, and James Hance were not "Montana Freemen" either, but evidently fugitives from criminal charges in North Carolina.

The Freemen were each charged with seven counts, ranging from accessory after the fact, bank fraud, and false claim to the IRS to illegal possession of firearms. There were seven defendants: Steven Charles Hance, John Richard Hance, James Edward Hance, Jon Barry Nelson, Elwin Ward, Stewart Waterhouse, and Edwin Clark. And this is just the first trial; the defendants were accused of being "accessories after the fact" because they didn't roll over and testify against the "big fish," Leroy Schweitzer.

Like the proverbial revolution, the Montana Freemen Trial will not be televised. You can't get it on Court TV. You can't get it on C-SPAN. You have to go there in person, or read the AP—Associated Propaganda—to get the story.

The scene is Billings, a squalid greasespot of a town in eastern Montana. Earlier in the century, it had a reputation as the place where mobsters would lay low when things got too hot in Chicago. Today it's a haggard-looking burg. Pedestrians look like they're waiting to get their next dose of crystal meth. It's a sleazy town with undercurrents of crime and corruption. The feds in their cheap blue suits somehow fit in perfectly.

It was a long, strange trip to Billings. Coming into town, you see billboards for "K-BULL Non Stop Country" and "Ostrich Farm Investors Welcome," then at least four used car lots for mobile homes. It's an overcast winter sky—and a bleak forecast for freedom in America.

Inside the courthouse, you sit on hard wooden benches like church pews. Watching the spectacle of justice requires penitence, patience, and a hard rear end. U.S. District Judge John C. Coughenour from Seattle is presiding. The chief prosecutor is Assistant U.S. Attorney Jim Seykora, an overbearing, arrogant, middle-aged white man who acts as if he has all the power and resources of the federal government behind him. Don't kid yourself—he does.

Five of the defendants are not in the courthouse. The trial itself is staged like performance art or maybe a scene out of Kafka. Men are carried out of the courtroom for swearing. Someone else yells that the judge is under arrest. Like the Marx Brothers in *A Day at the Courthouse*, the Freemen claim they are beyond the prosecutors' jurisdiction. Only two of the defendants remain—Edwin Clark, 47, and Elwin Ward, 57. From the timely and speedy trial department—they had been in prison for more than 600 days for refusing to recognize the jurisdiction of the court.

"For Elwin Ward, this case is about his family," says attorney David A. Duke in his opening statement. He shows the jury photos of Ward's wife and children as well as a map of the United States which marks Ward's cross-country journey to retrieve his children, kidnapped by his wife's disgruntled ex-husband.

And how did the Wards get involved with Leroy Schweitzer, the kingpin Freeman? "They were seeking a legal way to get Steve Magnum [the ex] out of their lives," continues Duke. "They took the class [which Schweitzer offered on common law practices] and the proof packet, proof and evidence from Schweitzer that things were working. They were not motivated by money, but resolving their custody problem."

"They showed up in Justus Township in the 17th month of the 18-month investigation by the government, on March 25, 1996, starting the 81-day

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stand-off," says Duke. "The U.S. Government promised the Wards that he wouldn't be arrested and charged." So much for promises.

You've probably heard of Catch 22. How about Rule 35, the federal prosecutors' win-at-all-cost tactics? "When a person agrees to plead guilty to the charges, you can throw in what's called Rule 35," Duke explains later in a brief interview. "The judge can give the defendant a break on the sentence, if he cooperates or gives substantial assistance to the government. It's from the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure."

According to Duke, this rule is often used by the feds to coerce small fish into testifying against the big fish. "In the federal system there's no parole, as opposed to the state system, when you can get out early if you appear before a parole board. Whatever sentence you get, that's the sentence you have to serve. The only relief available to you is what's called Rule 35. It's very common," continues Duke. "Anybody who doesn't want to go to trial and plead guilty instead has the option to enter into a Rule 35 with the government."

Sentencing in the federal system could accurately be called draconian—and don't forget the mandatory sentencing guidelines. In this case, the usual intimidation tactics didn't work. These are not the big fish the feds desperately wanted.

Then there is defendant Edwin Clark's testimony. He was credited with resolving the so-called standoff so it didn't end up like Ruby Ridge or Waco, in which the FBI killed first and asked questions later. A lifelong resident of Montana and a Vietnam veteran, Clark looks like actor Wilford Brimley of the Quaker Oats commercials. According to his testimony, he had been married for 25 years to Jan Clark and has two children, Dawn, 21, and Casey, 23. His occupation, he says, was rancher-farmer. "My grand-dads on both sides of my family homesteaded in the area [Garfield County, Montana] in 1913," he says.

When his attorney, Steve Hudspeth, asks him about his farm, Clark replies, "I don't own nothing now. It's all been taken from me." Why? He failed to make a land payment, and the property reverted to his uncle under a contract-for-deed deal he had made. "It was a very long complicated dragged-out affair," he says. "We'd been fighting this foreclosure for 18 years. We said it was an unlawful foreclosure."

So how do you get recourse when corrupt government practices have a stranglehold on your life? People look for alternatives to a legal system dominated by lawyers and federal agencies. Hence the popularity of classes in common law and other exotic tactics.

Fighting against intimidation and corruption, Clark's father was charged with 48 counts of fraud by the government, but they were later dropped. Then, according to Clark, "the government said, 'we'll give you a new security agreement.' Then the FmHA [Farmers Home Administration] filed for foreclosure. I was aggravated."

And what about the FmHA? According to Brian Kelly, author of *Adventures in Porkland: How Washington Wastes Your Money and Why They Won't Stop*, the Farmers Home Administration

> is widely believed to be one of the worst managed government giveaways ever. Whatever you think of the philosophical arguments of saving farms or not saving farms, the way the government goes about it is a disaster for everyone concerned. As James Bovard wrote in *The Farm Fiasco*, "The FmHA is a welfare agency that routinely destroys its clients lives." In repeated studies the General Accounting Office had found FmHA an incomprehensible mess.

It sounds like a case for Willie Nelson and Farm Aid.

Clark continues, "I didn't know Rodney Skurdal [one of the Freeman defendants] or any of them. I didn't trust legal counsel. I couldn't afford it, so I was forced to learn as much as I could. My dad took me to see Schweitzer."

Was it your intent to learn anything illegal from Schweitzer, asks the attorney. "Oh, absolutely not," replied Clark. Criminal intent is indeed sorely lacking in the prosecution's case. In Clark's case, frustration at government corruption is running high. "Our county government totally shut us out—commissioners, clerks and recorder," says Clark. "They were so much against us. We had no redress." Concerning his involvement with Leroy Schweitzer's "system," Hudspeth asks Clark, "You wouldn't consider yourself gullible, would you?"

Clark replies, "I'm starting to find out I am."

On March 31, Edwin Clark was found not guilty of all charges. Elwin Ward was released with time served. The rest who had not "cooperated" await sentencing.

It was a major setback for the *federales*. Clark, after all, had been accused of depositing a Freemen check based on perfected liens for $100 million. The AP had been calling it a "hot check operation," referring to "worthless comptroller warrants," "phony checks," and the "Freemen's bogus warrants."

The AP headline read—"Freeman Trial: Five guilty, one released." Like fishing, catch and release justice is alive and well in America.

Uri Dowbenko is the CEO of New Improved Entertainment Corporation in Pray, Montana.

Letter From Rome

by Andrei Navrozov

Supply and Demand

◆

Well, from New York actually, with a stopover in London where we took on board and I was able to read again England's four competing and mutually adversarial "serious" daily newspapers, not counting the specialized *Financial Times*: the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Independent*, and the *Guardian*. None of them is perfect, or perhaps even very serious, on its own, but added together they amount to something without which political life is meaningless and delusional, a culture of broadly polarized debate that is in its own way as miraculous as a great Bordeaux and as much a product of human art as the Trevi Fountain.

I am now happily restored to Rome and can hear the famous fountain outside my front door taking in $5,000 a week in fives and dimes like one of those maximalist, High Baroque cash registers, all opera-diva curves and flora-shaped curlicues, that they used to have in Woolworth's before the revolution. What revolution, you may ask.

One morning in New York I was hav-

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ing breakfast at the Yale Club in the company of a lively Anglo-Russian child, and looking around the room saw a score of identical broadsheets billowing like the sails of a flotilla of conformity over a sea of watery coffee. "Look, they are all reading the same newspaper!" I exclaimed. There must have been something manic in my voice, because my companion, like a hospital orderly persuading a patient not to throw plates, suddenly grew agreeably philosophical. "It is like everybody in the world cutting wood with the same saw," he said. He wanted to produce an analogy that would highlight the fantastic absurdity of a country where every person who wears a clean shirt and owns cufflinks reads the same issue of an upper-class *Pravda*, while the grubby multitudes just grunt and look at pictures in the *Sun* and the *Sunday Sport*. I suppose he thought the notion of there being just one handsaw for five billion people to share was just absurd enough to keep me calm.

The other social venue of my narrative is Rome's Fiumicino Airport, named, significantly, after Leonardo da Vinci, where on my return I drank a small espresso. It was all right. Now, please try to imagine yourself making something for tens of thousands of faceless and nameless foreigners, none of whom you are likely to ever see again and few of whom can taste the difference between good and evil. Would you need to make it well? Would you bother?

And now for the grand synthesis. The revolution I mentioned earlier was really the French Revolution, which could not have occurred without the accompanying assault on the irrational component in the fabric of European life by what is called reason. It is quite obvious, looking back, that the cultural strands which held our society together had not been spun in the dark satanic mills of the Industrial Revolution, nor bought with paper notes in Adam Smith's free market, nor designed by science for the benefit of all mankind. Concepts like God, duty, honor all come off a different spool, and though this is not historically demonstrable, it is philosophically accurate to claim that the Russian Revolution of 1917 was a logical denouement of the West's effort to bring the backward country into line with the rest of Europe by destroying in Russia what had been destroyed elsewhere since 1789.

This is an inexhaustibly, absorbingly dusty subject, and I only wish to concentrate on a single speck where the two social vignettes with which I began combine into a whole observation. The vulgar adaptations of famous rationalist principles by which the world now lives are legion, as by and by we come to learn that there is no organ in the human body that could conceivably accommodate the soul, that one cannot win at roulette because statistically one must lose, and that virginity is a prejudice that went out with the geocentric model of the universe. In a recent survey, 19 percent of New Yorkers admitted to having had "group sex," while what 32 percent of men "looked for in a partner" was an apartment and what 31 percent of women wanted in a man was a car.

But perhaps the most ubiquitous and dastardly of these is the nursery-school birds-and-bees biologism of supply and demand. Ask a well-meaning, decent, concerned American why there is no other supplier of serious news and opinion in the country besides the *New York Times*, and he will tell you that it can only be because there is no call for anything else, mumbling something like "I guess it does the job." This is tantamount to proposing—which, consistent enough with the historical origins of this particular absurdity, is exactly what Darwinists propose—that a camel has two humps because one would be too few and three would be too many. Something exists, *ergo* it must exist; it changes, hence change was inevitable; it becomes extinct, therefore its possible existence is not even a matter for discussion.

Here is something I read on the plane on the way over. The author of the article, a well-known British art critic named Waldemar Januszczak, thinks "photography could be the new painting" because

> [t]he lively photo-art crowding our galleries has been produced by an impressive array of labour-saving photo-gadgets: digital-enhancement screw-ons, computer solutions, disposable cameras, autofocus jobs, and all sorts of easily buyable ways of making the production of memorable pictures an effortless process. The result has been a freeing up of photography, and the enfranchisement of all sorts of fascinating artistic imaginations.

All right, you may murmur, he is just another idiot, one of thousands, pay no attention. What is at work here, however, is not so much the pretentious prattling tongue of a random illiterate hack as the invisible hand which seems to direct much of contemporary ratiocination. Leonardo painted because there was demand for Leonardo. Waldemar Januszczak is intelligent because there is demand for intelligent people in newspapers. And of course both are only possible because easily buyable, labor-saving screw-ons have enfranchised their artistic imaginations.

Well, then, why is the espresso at Fiumicino good enough to drink? Silence.

I would define genius as the quality of the human mind which makes a person capable of risk. And risk, by anybody's definition, is neither rational nor prudent. The gnarled little Sicilian *barista*, working the antiquated and gadget-free espresso machine to make coffee when ordinary dishwater would do, has an artistic imagination a million times more powerful than the art critic's. Like Leonardo, he does what he does because he cannot do otherwise, gambling away his time and energy without certain recompense, probably the way his father and grandfather did, and the day he stops will be the day he dies or is replaced by Starbucks. He is, in short, supply incarnate, supply profligate, supply defiant, supply existing independently of demand and testing itself by its own irrational surveys of honor, virtue, and courage.

Everything good in this world, including the world itself, has come from the same source. It is impossible not to become what a Darwinist would call a Creationist upon reflecting that if the universe had not been created by God and was the product of evolution then all the art critics would write like Waldemar Januszczak, all the newspapers would be like the *New York Times*, and all the coffee would be undrinkable. We are very nearly there, of course, but we have our memories to remind us that things weren't always the way they are and our children to ask us why the airport is named after a Renaissance barman.

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GOVERNMENT

Desert Storm Troopers

by Marc Morano

September 5, 1996, was not your typical workday at Molycorp's Mountain Pass Mine in California. Molycorp employee Steve Johnson recalls how the intruders arrived: "They stopped at the gate, the guard, he wasn't going to let them in, and the guys threatened to pull a gun on him, and he let them in." Susan Messler, another employee, remembers the "30 armed people wearing vests, bullet-proof vests." But calling the police was out of the question since the intruders themselves wielded a badge and a warrant.

Molycorp's mine had fallen prey to an armed raid led by California Fish and Game and U.S. Fish and Wildlife, enforcers of the Endangered Species Act. The government feared that the Mountain Pass Mine threatened the habitat of the desert tortoise, an endangered species, and justified the raid on the tortoises' behalf.

Molycorp, a subsidiary of Unocal, mines lanthanide, a rare earth mineral that has been classified as strategic due to its many uses in military electronic products. Lanthanide is also used in the production of household items like floor tile and televisions, medical devices like X-ray machines and lasers, and catalytic converters for automobiles.

Johnson vividly remembers the raid. "It was a SWAT type raid, they were wearing flak jackets, they were SWAT guys. They were like on a drug raid. And they were armed," he says. Susan Messler recalls that "some had 'federal agent' emblazoned on their vests, and they had their guns out."

Molycorp's attorneys, arriving at the site of the raid via the company jet, were surprised to find they could not represent their company. According to Messler, "they got to the gate and they were rejected and not allowed onto the property by the federal agents standing there." Molycorp employees "were not allowed to speak to our attorneys to get any guidance as to what our rights were at the time." Government agents rounded up Messler and other mine employees and herded them into a conference room. After a few hours, many had to go to the bathroom, for which they needed special permission and an armed escort.

Molycorp's employees believed at the time that the government agents were looking for evidence of serious crimes or drugs. But they were surprised to discover that the raid was related to a water spill in the Mojave Desert in July 1996, when a water pipe broke during routine cleaning, spilling thousands of gallons of water into the desert. Although some of the spill was waste water, containing low level radioactive material (a by-product of lanthanide mining), independent analysts insist that the radioactivity was not significantly higher than normal background levels. The government agencies, fearing an environmental hazard and possible cover up by Molycorp, organized the raid to seize all company documents related to their water-pipe maintenance.

Following the armed government raid, a coalition of 29 federal, state, and local government agencies (including California Fish and Game, U.S. Fish and Wildlife, the Bureau of Land Management, the Environmental Protection Agency, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs) descended on this small mine in the desert. Each agency felt it had jurisdiction at the site and wanted to play an active role in the clean-up.

The government candidly admits that the working conditions created by 29 government agencies may not have been ideal. Molly Brady of the BLM said, "One of the big challenges here is that there were so many different agencies involved and it was difficult for . . . the agencies to work with each other. We really didn't know each other's rules and regulations that well." John Key, the BLM's Incident Commander at the spill site, added, "Each agency has their own rules and regulations and they often, sometimes they conflict a little, sometimes they overlap, so it's always interesting."

Molycorp was required to submit a clean-up plan that satisfied every government agency on site. Instead of hastening the clean-up, the government agencies began quibbling among themselves regarding the proper clean-up procedures. Since nothing could begin until all agencies had signed off on the plan, nine months went by with no action taken. Molly Brady readily concedes "a long period of time went by. I think everybody looks bad here, nobody looks good, for not having initiated it sooner."

Government officials concede that there is absolutely no evidence that the spill was hazardous. Brady admits "it's possible that there's no severe human risk from this. We have not conducted the studies. We don't have the information to tell us what, if anything, over the long term would be a risk to human health and safety."

But human health and safety was not the government's primary concern; the Endangered Species Act and the endangered desert tortoise were. In 1994, Senator Diane Feinstein and Congressman George Miller passed a law creating the Mojave National Preserve, thus giving federal protection to the desert land adjacent to Molycorp's mine. It also gave the government additional powers to protect the endangered desert tortoise, which lives in the preserve.

Molycorp's first battle with the desert tortoise, listed as an endangered animal in 1989, began when a dead tortoise was found on the mine site. As required under the Endangered Species Act, Molycorp reported the dead tortoise. The government then launched an investigation to determine whether the tortoise met its end by foul play, and even conducted a tortoise autopsy. However, as Messler explains, "they never did find any conclusive evidence that anybody at the company had anything to do with this tortoise." This did not stop the government from levying fines of over a million dollars, leading mine employees to refer to it as the "million dollar tortoise."

This "million dollar tortoise" triggered a number of changes for Molycorp. Em-

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ployees were now forced to undergo "desert tortoise worker education classes," better known by the participants as "desert tortoise sensitivity training." According to Alan Stein of the BLM, this training was supposed to "heighten people's awareness of the tortoise" and outline "what they can and can't do." For instance, employees could no longer drive faster than 15 miles per hour—while maintaining a 100-foot separation between vehicles. They could no longer operate heavy equipment without being monitored by government-authorized biologists, hired at company expense, to make sure no tortoises were in their way. Tortoise-proof fencing was erected to keep the tortoise away from harm. Official regulations called for employees to stop work immediately if they spotted a tortoise, wait 15 minutes, and call the government-authorized biologist to assess the situation if the tortoise did not move. Since waiting for a tortoise to move could literally take all day, employees would usually close an area if a tortoise was spotted and continue work elsewhere. Finally, a government detail of armed security agents was hired at Molycorp's expense to patrol the clean-up site 24 hours a day.

According to the Endangered Species Act, only government-authorized biologists can touch a tortoise. In fact, Molycorp's employees could not even move a tortoise away from obvious dangers such as oncoming vehicles. If an unauthorized person moves a tortoise, U.S. Fish and Wildlife considers it a "take," which can incur penalties up to $75,000 in fines and a year in prison. In addition, Molycorp's employees could not touch the empty shell of a dead tortoise. To possess a dead shell requires petitioning U.S. Fish and Wildlife for a permit, which would only be granted for a compelling scientific reason.

There are a number of other desert tortoise protections, including an official tortoise adoption agency which places tortoises that cannot be returned to the wild in suitable homes; a 24-hour Tortoise Hot-Line to report violators of the Endangered Species Act or to report a tortoise in danger; and a Tortoise Board, a government agency which administers a $550 per acre Tortoise Tax, imposed upon homeowners. At last count the fund had accrued a $14 million surplus to protect the tortoise.

Considering all of the restrictions on human activity, is the desert tortoise population likely to rebound? Actually, one of the main threats to the tortoise isn't human at all. It's the common raven, a fellow inhabitant of the Mojave Desert. Alan Stein of the BLM explains that the raven "flies down and it pokes through the shell and . . . basically eats the tortoise." Unfortunately, according to Stein, the raven "can't be killed" because it's "protected under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act."

Ironically, in light of all of these layers of regulation, the government doesn't even consider the desert tortoise *as a species* to be threatened. A tortoise found in the Mojave National Preserve is classified as an endangered species, giving it the full weight and protection of the United States government. But the endangered or threatened status applies only to the Mojave population. The other two-thirds of the desert tortoise population, those east of the Colorado River, are not considered threatened, and thus enjoy no federal protections.

Moreover, the Mojave desert tortoise population is actually thriving. Stein admits that the BLM encountered "far greater numbers [of tortoises] than we thought there would be," including "a lot of young tortoises." Even U.S. Fish and Wildlife acknowledged that there were more tortoises in the Mojave population than they initially believed. Alex Heindl, a herpetologist at the University of Nevada-Las Vegas, explains that the tortoise was downgraded to threatened status when it "became obvious that there were more tortoises than we had anticipated."

If the desert tortoise is not threatened as a species, and there are more tortoises than anyone expected, why have government agencies gone to such extremes? Philippe de Vosjoli, an expert on reptiles and amphibians and publisher of *Vivarium*, has seen this kind of overzealous government action before. According to Vosjoli, the government believes it's "basically better to uphold the law than to really save animals. Because it's not the animals that are a primary concern. The law is becoming a primary concern, and implementing the law becomes a primary concern." Vosjoli's organization, the American Federation of Herpetoculturists, has reported many similar armed federal raids by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service into homes with exotic reptiles and amphibians. "There [was] one recently that occurred in Oklahoma where the individual was afraid they were going to shoot his dog," Vosjoli reports. He adds, "A man in Colorado was raided and was also threatened with having the IRS investigate him. They do have DEA-type authority when dealing with wildlife."

Molycorp has paid to date $6.2 million in fines relating to the water spill and the tortoise regulations, and the government agencies say they may be camped out in the Mojave Desert "indefinitely" to monitor the spill site. Susan Messler, Molycorp's former accounting clerk, recalls that Molycorp's profits each year were less than the government-assessed fines and blames recent job losses on the government's regulations. Since the 1996 raid, Molycorp has been forced to lay off about one-half of the mine's 230 employees, with more layoffs pending. "It seems . . . that there was somebody with an agenda out there that had nothing to do with the pipeline, and they were just using that to further their own agenda," concludes Messler.

If there is an agenda, it probably has more to do with the California Democrats, Senator Diane Feinstein and Congressman George Miller, who authored the 1994 California Desert Protection Act. Both wrote stern letters to Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt in 1997, excoriating Molycorp over the pipeline spill incident and demanding harsh penalties against the mine. Senator Feinstein wrote that Molycorp was "continuing to put desert resources and the public at risk" and expressed concern for "the endangered desert tortoise habitat." Congressman Miller sought assurances from Secretary Babbitt that his department "will be firm with Molycorp."

With this kind of political force in play, it comes as no surprise that there's more trouble ahead. Sources close to the government investigation say Molycorp is about to face criminal indictments which could sink the company. Experts wonder if the United States is prepared to deal with the consequences of forcing the only source of lanthanides in the country out of business. Murray Page, an independent chemical engineer familiar with Molycorp's operation, reinforces the consensus that if Molycorp, the only American supplier of lanthanides, were to shut down, the United States "would end up importing them . . . from China."

Weiji Cui of Baotou Rare Earth, a communist Chinese company, agrees. If Molycorp goes out of business, Baotou

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Rare Earth stands to gain control over the entire U.S. market for lanthanides. When asked if he believes Molycorp is about to go out of business, Cui responds, "I think probably. I think, yeah, probably go out of business." Cui and Baotou Rare Earth are so confident that Molycorp will go under that they have already opened up an office in San Francisco. Cui boasts, "I think in the future, my company will become the most important rare earth company in the world."

Baotou Rare Earth Company appears to be well on their way to achieving that goal. Together, Molycorp and Baotou Rare Earth supply 80 percent of the world's lanthanides. After the armed government raid, Molycorp's production fell by 17 percent, the exact amount Baotou's production rose. When asked if Baotou Rare Earth has to worry about endangered species laws, Cui laughs heartily as he mockingly responds, "It will be decided by our top management."

Despite the government's heavy-handed tactics, Molly Brady of the BLM still maintains that the government is motivated by only the purest of intentions. Brady insists that "We, the BLM, are very interested because we're a neighbor. We're a neighbor and we want to make sure that everything is going to be healthy."

What do the government's "good neighbor" policies reveal? At the very least, it would appear that communist China is more business-friendly than the United States. But there are a number of pressing questions that have yet to be answered. Could there be a *quid pro quo* between California Democrats Feinstein and Miller and the Chinese government? Senator Feinstein's husband, financier Richard Blum, has many well-publicized connections to Chinese business interests. Moreover, the Democratic National Committee is knee-deep in the Chinese influence-pedaling scandal.

The use of force by our government against its own citizens should not be undertaken lightly, and to realize that this force was administered on behalf of another species, not to defend the rights of fellow citizens, is even more disturbing. Vosjoli asks, "What degree do you act in detriment of your own species in favor of other ones?" As communist China moves in to fill the void left by Molycorp's layoffs, another question is: To what degree do we act in detriment of U.S. business interests and national security in favor of communist China?

Marc Morano is a correspondent for the "American Investigator" program on America's Voice Television. Kent Washburn and Scott Wheeler contributed to this report.

A Global IRS?

by Cliff Kincaid

The global economy is out of control, and the global brains at the Treasury Department, the Federal Reserve, the International Monetary Fund, and the World Bank are not quite sure what to do about it. One prescription being bandied about is a global tax and all the monitoring, rules, and regulations that would go along with it. In short, a global IRS.

Sound fantastic? Endorsements of a global tax on international currency transactions are becoming rather common. On January 30, as the House Banking Committee opened hearings on the Clinton administration's demands for more IMF bailout money for Asia, the *Washington Post* declared that "One reason for the wild swings in global financial markets—and the need for IMF bailouts—may be that it has become easy and costless to exchange one currency for another. James Tobin, the Nobel Prize-winning economist, suggests throwing some sand in the gears of this process by imposing a universal tax on currency transactions."

At the Banking Committee hearings, however, Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan—while endorsing more billions for the IMF—opposed any "super-regulator" scheme that would interfere with the global market. But depending on the impact of the Asian collapse, Greenspan may be tempted to move in the direction of a global tax. One interim proposal, outlined by Greenspan crony and investment advisor Henry Kaufman in the *Washington Post* (January 28), is for a "Board of Overseers of Major Institutions and Markets" to "put teeth" into the global economic system. This would work in association with a "reorganized" IMF and World Bank. How would it be paid for? Kaufman didn't say.

"The private sector is ill-suited to allocate international credit," proclaimed billionaire George Soros in an article in London's *Financial Times*. He proposed a new International Credit Insurance Corporation that would charge a small fee on every international bank loan and use the proceeds to finance rescues of bankrupt economies.

There *is* a serious problem here, and Soros symbolizes it. Here is a man who never made anything in his life, who became a billionaire through financial speculation and manipulation, through connections to the European super-rich and inside information about the workings of the global capital markets. And perhaps more than any other man, he sparked the current worldwide economic crisis. For economic or political reasons (or a combination of both), Soros was reportedly the leader of an international assault on several national currencies, including that of Malaysia, whose finance minister has accused Soros of being part of an international criminal conspiracy to destabilize his country.

Much of what Soros does internationally, through such vehicles as hedge funds, is not even covered by federal securities laws. Through leaks to the press, he has tried to insist that he, too, lost money when the stock market fell, and he even went on ABC's *Nightline* to defend his wheeling and dealing in the global financial markets. But there is no way to verify his claims.

Rather than support "capitalism" in a knee-jerk fashion, conservatives have to recognize that the "free markets" now operating on a global level are indeed subject to political and financial manipulation by elites who operate largely in the shadows. The Asian crisis may have nothing to do with countries mishandling their economies but everything to do with attempts to force them into the global system by reconfiguring their domestic policies for the benefit of outside investors and speculators. This is not the "free market" in action. Rather—as the *Washington Post* states—these are the actions of "money changers."

One thing is certain: when currencies collapse and countries can't pay their bills to international bankers, the IMF bails out the bankers and investors—and the American taxpayer picks up the tab. The IMF is a curious and secretive bureaucracy run by Frenchman Michel Camdessus, whom the *New York Times* describes as a "former" socialist. In 1995,

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he commissioned a report to analyze why the IMF had failed to forecast Mexico's deteriorating financial situation and then decided to keep the report secret. Perhaps the truth was unbearable. Dr. Rachel Ehrenfeld, the author of two books on the problem of illegal drugs, argues convincingly that the devaluation of the Mexican peso was, in part, a reaction to massive transfers of drug money out of Mexico. Mexico, one of our partners in NAFTA, has been thoroughly corrupted by the drug trade.

In an April 11, 1996, address to the Mid-America Committee in Chicago, Camdessus declared, "Countries as diverse as Chile, the Czech Republic, Indonesia, and Korea—and the many other countries around the world that follow the policies advocated by the [International Monetary] Fund—are attracting substantial amounts of private foreign investment." Of course, two of the countries cited—Indonesia and Korea—have now sought bailouts from the IMF. How's that for success?

Is the IMF pursuing policies deliberately designed to destroy the sovereignty of nations by making them dependent on the IMF? Or are there factors involved in the global economy over which the IMF, Alan Greenspan, and the Treasury Department have no control? If this is the highest stage of capitalism, then where is the capital and who controls it? No one really seems to know. For Greenspan and his colleagues, the revenue from a global tax may be less important than the system of currency monitoring that would have to be implemented to generate it. Ironically, Soros himself could eventually endorse such a system because of the damage that he and others like him have inflicted on the world. It could be packaged as an attack on the super-rich, when in reality it would affect ordinary Americans' IRAs, mutual funds, and pensions—any vehicle with money invested abroad.

If such control on a global level is attained, it won't be called world government, and it won't necessarily be viewed as harmful. Steven Solomon, a former reporter for *Forbes*, argues in his book, *The Confidence Game*, that a "world economic directorate" should manage the economies of the world. Echoing the views of the central bankers and others he interviewed, Solomon endorsed the Tobin Tax on international currency transactions as a source of revenue for those who will be managing our lives for us. He claims the tax could bring in $13 trillion a year.

These staggering sums are possible because the trade in foreign currencies is a market that averages $1.3 trillion *per day*. Currencies are traded right along with gold, silver, cars, wheat, oil, soybeans, and corn—the so-called "real economy." But the currency market has its own reality. The Asian crisis demonstrates that a rather small group of people could bring about the collapse of the entire world system, or at least a substantial part of it, for political or financial reasons. Currency traders play with the fates of entire nations. A completely integrated global system will make it possible for a very small group of very rich people to play with the fate of the entire world.

William Greider, a left-wing journalist who wrote a revealing study of the Federal Reserve, has written a book about this new age entitled *One World, Ready or Not*. But if Greider thinks the problem is global capitalism, his solution is international socialism, for he explicitly endorses the Tobin Tax as a device that might help nations restore a measure of sovereignty over their internal affairs. But this is not a patriotic or nationalist proposal. It is significant that Greider's book was endorsed by John Sweeney, head of the AFL-CIO and a member of the Democratic Socialists of America, which openly favors the imposition of global taxes on the movement of global capital.

Sweeney and Greider (and for that matter, Ralph Nader and congressmen Richard Gephardt and Dave Bonior), have a gripe not with the global economic system and the international bureaucracies that manage it, but with the rules and regulations under which trade occurs. They want trading and financial arrangements in which the United States can impose *their* views on "social justice issues," including labor and environmental standards, on other nations through these bureaucracies. The question for them is whether big government will keep up with big business on a global level, and whether global bureaucracies like the U.N., the IMF, and the WTO can be used by the international left to control the activities of multinational corporations, banks, and less-developed countries. They view a global tax as the only viable way to manipulate the global economy.

But globalism, however it's packaged, inevitably means one thing: transferring capital, wealth, and money out of the United States. The key question on the political left is how fast this process will occur—not whether it will occur. As we have seen over the last several years of the Clinton administration, this process does not mean eliminating jobs; it means eliminating *some* jobs. Overall, globalization *does* mean more jobs for people. In the name of feminism and equal opportunity, for instance, it means forcing mothers with children out of their homes into the work force. But wages will be depressed for most, and taxes will be hiked to pay for federal daycare. Then the left will "export" our system to the rest of the world.

The proposed global warming treaty betrays the true motives of the left because it attempts to move wealth and capital to so-called developing countries, led by communist China, at the expense of the United States. In this case, however, American big business and some elements of big labor are saying no, at least until they get an agreement more to their liking. Yet big business said "yes" to NAFTA and GATT and the WTO, and many Fortune 500 corporations are leading members of the Business Council for the U.N. The debate is not over globalization but over who will benefit from it.

Will big business draw the line at a global tax? Big business will have to decide if the benefits—the vague promise of stability in the international financial markets—will outweigh the risks, including the possibility of multinationals themselves being targeted by another variation of a global tax.

At the United Nations, former U.N. Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali publicly endorsed the Tobin Tax, although his successor, Kofi Annan, refrained from doing so after Congress protested. Currently, the leading cheerleader for global taxes at the world body is James Gustave Speth, administrator of the U.N. Development Program. A founder of the World Resources Institute and the Natural Resources Defense Council, he argues that a global tax could help underwrite the global environmental agenda. After I wrote an article for the *Washington Post* exposing these schemes, Speth tried to insist that the U.N. wasn't really pushing these ideas. But I had the proof, in the form of a 200-page book advocating the Tobin Tax, edited by officials of Speth's U.N. Development Program. I also had a transcript of one of his speeches endorsing

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global taxes as "doable."

The book, incidentally, includes input from key officials from the World Bank and from one of the investment funds associated with George Soros. It also reports that Stanley Fischer, chief economist of the IMF, has expressed his willingness to consider such a tax, adding "The IMF is in a good position to develop ways in which a transactions tax could work."

Indeed it is.

Cliff Kincaid, director of the American Sovereignty Action Project, is the author of Global Taxes for World Government, *available by calling 1-800-787-5246.*

POLITICS

Moonie Gold

by Paul Gottfried

Last December, the *Weekly Standard*, in an article by Matt Labash on a mass wedding conducted by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon at RFK Stadium on November 9, offered a feast of vilification and innuendo. Though the *Washington Post* and the *New Republic* both lampooned the same event, Labash's polemic had a more vicious edge. He ridiculed "the stumpy Korean who sports tacky boutonnieres the size of babies' heads and whose matchmaking involves playing Fifty-two Pick-up with your 8 by 10." Labash reprises and exaggerates the complaints of some defecting Moonies that

> the movement engages in deceptive recruiting methods, keeps recruits from contacting their demonized parents and makes members sleep 11 to a van while traveling the country selling cheap trinkets and flowers, with no health benefits or salaries in order to enrich Moon and offset the costs of gatherings such as this one.

While a related piece by Margaret Talbot in the *New Republic* (December 22, 1997) depicts Moon as a religious eccentric "in need of some positive attention," Labash expresses alarm at his megalomania, and particularly at his "authoritarian accents that would do North Korea's Kim Ilsung proud." He tears into "conservatives" who "jumped on board in the 1980s when Moon proved himself a staunch anti-Communist, funding the Contras and lavishing junkets abroad." Labash also names some names—e.g., Jack Kemp, Gerald Ford, Jeane Kirkpatrick, and former *Washington Times* editor Arnaud de Borchgrave, all of whom are accused of soiling themselves with Moonie money.

More significant than the names Labash throws out are the ones he conspicuously fails to mention. A complete account of Unification Church funding in the 80's and early 90's would have to include the swarm of neoconservative recipients who took tens of millions of dollars they now consider tainted. When I went to work for the Washington Times Corporation in the mid-80's, a neoconservative colleague, Cynthia Grenier, helpfully explained that I would never rise in the organization nor publish in the *Washington Times* unless "I learned to get along with Norman and Midge." I had apparently offended this couple by writing something that made me sound "more gentile than Jewish." The lady who advised me was entirely right. Many in high places in the corporation—e.g., Liz Kristol, John Podhoretz, and Todd Lindberg—were the offspring or hangers-on of the two families that now dominate the *Weekly Standard*.

The neocon affiliations of the Washington Times Corporation have dearly cost the Reverend Moon. They pushed his American publishing empire into a fateful alliance with the global democratic boosters and treacherous beneficiaries who are now straining themselves to make him look bad. As early as 1986, the *American Spectator*, whose staff and contributors had enjoyed Moon's bounty, unleashed a savage attack on "anti-democratic" tendencies in the Unification Church. Other more recent attacks in the *City Journal* and the *Weekly Standard* indicate the utter contempt felt by neocons for "the stumpy Korean" who has looked after them. One might contrast this to the brief, implausible alliance in the late 80's between the Unificationists and the National Front in France. Though the common interest here, anti-communism, was not sufficient to compensate for sharp ideological differences, Frontist candidates who took financial aid from the Reverend Moon treated him with unfailing gratitude. Le Pen himself took pains to express this sentiment, much as members of the American Old Right such as M.E. Bradford and Russell Kirk were politely grateful for the honoraria they received for essays published in *The World and I*. But such alliances with genuine conservatives could not have worked, as I suggest in *The Conservative Movement*, given the Reverend Moon's announced plan to transform human society.

The difference in attitude is simple. Conservatives make an effort to be loyal to their friends and benefactors, even when they disagree with them sharply over a political or religious issue. Leftists, on the other hand, do not believe in loyalty—either to their friends or to their country. The neocon alliance with the Unification Church was fated by the presence of two overlapping agendas. Because of the nationalisms that both disguise in internationalist rhetoric and because both are wedded to gargantuan government, Unificationists and neoconservatives were, to some extent, natural allies. Unfortunately for the Unificationists, their preferred allies have turned out to be less than grateful. So far from maintaining a decent reticence about their benefactor's shortcomings, neocons and their allies cheerfully make common cause with the Church's sworn enemies, including the most famous renegade Unificationist in the United States, Michael Warder. On the basis of Warder's volunteered testimony, the Reverend Moon was sent to jail on still questionable charges of tax fraud.

Recent neocon displays of rudeness at the expense of their Asian benefactor may be related to his declining value. With a new foreign patron, Rupert Murdoch, in tow and with rumors that the Reverend Moon may be dragged down with the Korean currency, the neocons have less reason to make nice to the Unification Church. Besides, many of the neocons' fellow Jews dislike the Unificationists intensely. While I did not find a large Jewish presence among Church members, the organized Jewish community thinks differently, and Moon has been repeatedly attacked for pulling in confused Jewish kids. Moreover, the featured speaker at the mass wedding in RFK Stadium was Louis Farrakhan, whose anti-Semitic obsessions come up inevitably during interviews. Given oth-

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er Moonie setbacks, this may have struck the neoconservative leadership as the opportune time to discipline an embarrassing patron.

My own reading of the about-face is more complicated. Contrary to a widespread fiction, rank-and-file Unificationists are neither stupid nor passive. Though their theology offends Christians and their agenda should disturb any Eurocentric traditionalist, most Unificationists I have met are civil, morally engaged, and intellectually more curious than professors of my acquaintance. When I worked for the Washington Times Corporation, my Unificationist colleagues worked harder and appeared less programmed than did the minicons, who were given more money but had no interest in ideas, only in "our positions." The neoconservative diatribes against the Unification Church resemble the kind of backbiting heard when second-generation neocons congregated in the cafeteria of the *Washington Times* to make fun of the more earnest but less privileged Moonies who did not have the good sense to be born with influential parents.

Two closing observations may be appropriate. First, as a chronicler of neocon chutzpah, it seems to me unlikely that the shots in question were random. Neocon broadsides launched in expensive national publications are always acts of deliberation. They do not take place, as their victims have learned, because some pimple-faced kid is having a good time. Moreover, views that would upset the Kristol-Podhoretz *rete*, such as praise of the Israeli Labor Party or kind words about Germans, would not get into the same publications, except as a feeble attempt at balance assigned to a guest contributor.

Furthermore, whatever recent developments have fueled the neocon assaults on a longtime patron, the assaults themselves are an act of bullying. Neocons have a history of serving notice to those who help them but are not fully part of their community. Thus 11 years ago *Commentary*, in an essay by James Neuchterlein, brought up the charge of right-wing extremism against William F. Buckley and his progenitors. Though Buckley was commended for moving toward patriotic moderation "since the fifties," there was a time, Neuchterlein pointed out ominously, when his views might have been seen to skirt a dangerous extreme. Such bullying is reminiscent of how Soviet communists dealt with Western fellow travelers in need of reproof. A permanent aspect of neocon politics, this ideological bully ragging is a method of commanding unconditional loyalty from allies who are perceived as being on the outside but having nowhere to go. Rupert Murdoch, take note.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Lebed in Siberia

by Denis Petrov

"The situation in Krasnoyarsk," opined Communist Party (CPRF) boss Gennadi Zyuganov, "is reminiscent of Germany in the 1930's." Fascism, claimed the national Bolshevik boss, who should know a thing or two about the subject, is threatening Russia, incubating in a Siberian womb. He was not alone in making such dubious charges. In fact, in the days leading up to the April 26 gubernatorial election in Krasnoyarsk Kray, a vast, mineral-rich region stretching from the Arctic to the Chinese border, a flock of the Moscow political and financial elite's leading songbirds descended on the unsuspecting—and long-suffering—inhabitants of the kray, chirping their praises of the well-connected incumbent, Valeri Zubov (local representative of what Russians call the "party of power"), and damning his opponent, a much-decorated former general of Airborne Troops, Aleksandr Lebed. The flock included Moscow Mayor Yuri Luzhkov who, as the boss-in-chief of Russia's equivalent of Tammany Hall, sees Lebed as an "extremist." Luzhkov intends to poach on Lebed's populist-nationalist electoral field come the presidential elections in 2000, and he will be one of the big losers if the Lebed juggernaut continues to roll in the direction of Moscow.

At times it seemed as if Zubov had turned over the campaign to the folks who really run things and who appear to be hysterical at the prospect of Lebed using a Krasnoyarsk base to launch a political assault on the Kremlin. They should be: Lebed carried the May 17 run-off in Krasnoyarsk by nearly 20 percent, blowing Zubov away by a count of 57 percent to 38 percent, in spite of a seemingly endless barrage of anti-Lebed propaganda and not-so-veiled threats that Moscow would do its best to "suffocate" the region, as one wag put it, should the proles disobey the ukase of Boris I, otherwise known as the "Father of Russian Democracy." Every elite-delivered smear only appeared to help Lebed.

Readers of *Chronicles* already know the general. Lebed looks like the real McCoy, an honest, straight-talking man of the people with a voice as deep as Lake Baikal, a build like a gladiator (Lebed once pounded his foes in the ring as a heavyweight boxer), and a mug like a Slavic Jack Palance. His commanding presence, reputation for integrity, and willingness to take personal responsibility for seemingly impossible tasks (the word in Moscow is that Yeltsin gave Lebed, then secretary of the Russian Security Council, the nod to negotiate an end to the Chechen War in 1996 hoping that he would fail; he didn't, thus, he had to go) is often judged by Russians as evidence that Lebed is *krutiy*—a word that denotes a special quality of persistence and toughness. Campaigning among the people—his people—Lebed is in his element, mixing easily with workers, peasants, soldiers, and priests. "Siberians are different" from other Russians, says Lebed. "Serfdom never existed here," thus there is a special sense of "freedom and endurance" to the Siberians.

It will be good ground for the kind of experiment Lebed wants to conduct. His campaign is a run against Moscow and the political-financial oligarchy that runs it. In the Federation Council, the upper chamber of parliament consisting of regional governors, Lebed intends to launch a direct assault on the capital: he plans to propose that enterprises pay their taxes not in Moscow, where most have their headquarters and, by Russian law, pay taxes, but in the region they operate in. This would strip Luzhkov of a lucrative source of funds to pilfer and could shift the locus of trade and investment (85 percent of much-needed foreign investment in Russia now goes to the "center," Moscow) to the hinterlands. Lebed further proposes to cut taxes for Russian producers, thus hoping to

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tap into the vast gray economy, and to guarantee investors' rights as a means of attracting productive investment in the provinces. He is for a Slavic Union of Ukraine, Russia, and Belarus, the protection of Russian minorities in the "near abroad" (meaning the former Soviet republics), self-government at the local and regional level, a prominent role for the Russian Orthodox Church in public life, the protection of strategically important Russian industries, and against messianic military adventurism or efforts to resurrect the U.S.S.R. In short, "fascism" as defined for us by the powers-that-be (remember Pat Buchanan's 1996 campaign?). He is therefore hated by both the "patriots," the communist-nationalist pseudo-opposition dominated by the CPRF and Zhirinovsky, bought off long ago by the Yeltsin regime, and Moscow's tea-sipping (Lebed's supporters—though not the general himself, who does not imbibe—slam down vodka in blender-sized glasses) "democrats," the Russian equivalent of the West's proponents of a "democratic capitalism" that is of the elite, by the elite, and for the elite.

I have a theory as to why the likes of Aleksandr Ivanovich Lebed so curdle the stomachs of the New World Order crowd, even if they can't deny that what he says doesn't sound threatening. First, it is plain to see that he is not one of them. Lebed does not don the obligatory Italian-imported threads of the globalist nomenklatura, nor has he consulted a hairdresser lately. He is the strong silent type, prone to answering questions with a direct "yes" or "no" or with the homespun wisdom of the Russian peasant aphorism. Second, he is scary looking. To the steers of the NWO corral, a bull is scary stuff. Lebed is a man's man, a man without pretension or bravado who, to the credit of Russian womanhood, is deemed attractive by the fair sex of the Slavic world precisely because he is a man who keeps his word, fights his own battles, and does not whine or bellyache. He is a combat veteran, a sportsman, the faithful husband of a wife he married young, a father of three grown children, and a grandfather four times over at age 48. The thing that the geldings of the brave new world hate the most about Lebed is that he reminds them of their lost virility.

Denis Petrov frequently travels to Russia and does not think Lebed is scary.

SOCIETY

Of Steak and Suicide

by Scott P. Richert

"In the end, she went quickly with very little discomfort, and surrounded by her loved ones." Thus spoke Sir Paul McCartney, four days after the death of his wife, Linda, as rumors swirled that Mrs. McCartney, suffering from breast cancer, had ended her own life in an assisted suicide at age 56. The rumors were fueled by the McCartney family's misleading reporting of her death. The family's publicist, Geoff Baker, had initially stated that she died while on vacation in Santa Barbara, California, but news media in Tucson, Arizona, where the McCartneys owned a ranch, reported that she had died there. Two days after Sir Paul's comments, Linda's physician (who did not attend her death) confirmed that she had died in Tucson, claiming that her death was due to natural causes as a result of breast cancer. Whether from lack of evidence or a rare fit of decency, the media then dropped the assisted suicide story. But on the Internet and among Beatles fans, the rumors persist.

Unless her family decides to talk, we'll probably never know the full circumstances of Linda McCartney's death. But the rumors themselves—even if they're not true—are interesting. For many years, Mrs. McCartney had devoted her energies to the "causes of vegetarianism and animal welfare," or as we say here in the provinces, animal rights. Sir Paul, in fact, proclaimed that "The tribute she would have liked best would be for people to go vegetarian, which, with the vast variety of foods available these days, is much easier than many people think. She got into the food business for one reason only, to save animals from the cruel treatment our society and traditions force upon them." Linda was, Sir Paul stated, "the kindest woman I have ever met; the most innocent. All animals to her were like Disney characters and worthy of love and respect."

Is it possible that a woman who held such respect for the lives of animals—including Mickey and Dumbo—would hold so little for her own? Possible, yes, and even probable, because the animal rights movement is based on a perversion of both nature and human nature, a perversion which elevates the relative worth of animal life and consequently denigrates human life. Consider the radical implications of Linda McCartney's desire to "save animals from the cruel treatment our society and traditions force upon them." Clearly, fulfilling that desire requires remaking society and destroying those traditions. For the animal rights movement to succeed, the chief tradition that must be destroyed is Christianity, for its unequivocal support of man's stewardship over animals and its recognition of a hierarchy in nature present a stumbling block and a moral challenge to those who compare chicken farms to Auschwitz.

Why, then, did one of the most radical branches of the animal rights movement, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (which Linda McCartney had long supported, both morally and financially), recently institute a Christian branch, complete with a website (*www.jesus-online.com*)? Is it possible that animal rightists are finally recognizing that Christianity presents a moral foundation for the proper and humane treatment of animals? A quick visit to the *Jesus Online* website will dispel any such illusions. As the site loads, a Renaissance painting of Christ appears in the middle of the screen, above the words, "Jesus was a Vegetarian." The best way to undermine a tradition is from within, and the strategic planners at PETA are loaded for bear. Web surfers, looking for Christian websites, type "Jesus" into a search engine, and up pops the PETA site. (On one popular search engine, Yahoo!, *Jesus Online* was among the top ten sites listed for "Jesus." Perhaps because of this, the site has proved very popular, logging over 20,000 hits in a mere two months).

The opening page of the website asks, "Did you know that . . .

> —Jesus was a vegetarian. The Gospels were edited in the 4th century, but Jesus' vegetarianism can be discerned through extra-Biblical accounts and sound reason.
>
> —The last supper was vegetarian. If Jesus had not been a vegetarian,

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there would be accounts of Jesus eating lamb at Passover.

—The multiplication miracle did not include fish. The fish in the story are symbolic of Christians, the multiplication a sign of the burgeoning church.

—Jesus calls for mercy and compassion—which are the opposite of torturing, killing, and eating God's creatures. In the U.S., more than eight billion animals are killed every year for food. The vast majority of these animals are raised on "factory farms." Every one of those animals has a capacity for pain and suffering, just as our own cats, dogs, and other companion animals, and in fact, just as we do.

JESUS WAS NOT A BUTCHER; HE WAS THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

At other points in the site, various claims are made: "in Genesis 1:28, God calls for human stewardship of animals, immediately afterward commanding a vegetarian diet"; "there is convincing evidence that Jesus was an Essene," a sect of Judaism to which John the Baptist may have belonged and which avoided meat; "the Church, following Jesus' lead, was vegetarian for its first three centuries." The evidence for these claims is, however, sorely lacking.

I called Bruce Friedrich, the Vegetarian Campaign Coordinator for PETA and a Roman Catholic. Friedrich, who has been with PETA for two years, says he "converted to vegetarianism" (an interesting choice of words) 12 years ago while a student at Grinnell College. A cradle Catholic, he claims that his faith (and the writings of the Reverend Andrew Linzey, an Anglican theologian and author of *Christianity and the Rights of Animals* and *Animal Theology*) led him to vegetarianism. Friedrich says that PETA created the *Jesus Online* website for both religious and animal rights purposes, although the site is aimed only at converting Christians (and Jews) to vegetarianism, not vegetarians to Christianity.

Since the *Jesus Online* site claims that God commanded a vegetarian diet in Genesis 1, I asked Friedrich how he explains the story of Cain and Abel in Genesis 4:

> Now Abel became a shepherd and kept flocks, while Cain tilled the soil. Time passed and Cain brought some of the produce of the soil as an offering for the Lord, while Abel for his part brought the first-born of his flock and some of their fat as well. The Lord looked with favor on Abel and his offering. But he did not look with favor on Cain and his offering, and Cain was very angry and downcast.

And, of course, Cain went on to kill his brother. (When I asked my wife how one might reconcile PETA's claim that Jesus was a vegetarian with Genesis 4, she replied, "Well, God isn't a vegetarian, but you know kids.") Friedrich's response, however, was somewhat less satisfying than my wife's, and it established the pattern for our discussion. Genesis 4 is a "parable," you see, and the real point is that Cain is his brother's keeper. We can't take specific references to animal sacrifice, or to God's approval of such sacrifice, literally because there are other passages (which Friedrich is willing to take literally) in which God, through His prophets, states that He never asked for sacrifice. Likewise, Christ's command to Peter (in Matthew 17:27) to "cast a hook [and] take the first fish that rises" is a "parable," as is the story of Christ casting the demons into a herd of swine, "and at that the whole herd charged down the cliff into the lake and perished in the water" (Matthew 8:28-32).

Granting Friedrich's misuse of the word "parable" (a technical term which refers to short stories used to illustrate a deeper spiritual point), are there any references to Christ approving of animal sacrifice or the eating of animals that aren't parables? Friedrich claimed that there are none, not even Matthew 5:23-24:

> if you are bringing your offering to the altar and there remember that your brother has something against you, go and be reconciled with your brother first, *and then come back and present your offering.*

Nope, another parable, even though Christ did not have to tell his disciples to continue with the offering *after* the reconciliation.

Friedrich argued that "most non-fundamentalist biblical scholars do not believe that the loaves and fishes miracle took place," nor that any of the events after the Resurrection (such as Luke 24:42-43: "And they offered him a piece of grilled fish, which he took and ate before their eyes") actually occurred. But Friedrich and his "non-fundamentalist biblical scholars" share this with their fundamentalist counterparts: a willingness to distort the Scriptures in order to make them fit their own preconceptions and agendas. Friedrich's explaining away of every biblical scene involving meat reminds me of the Maranatha Fellowship Christians—good teetotaling fundamentalists—who argue that there are dozens of Greek words for wine, and that the one used in the story of Christ's miracle at the wedding in Cana (John 2:1-12) refers to non-alcoholic grape juice! ("Everyone serves good grape juice first and the worse grape juice when the guests are well juiced; but you have kept the best grape juice till now.")

Not surprisingly, Friedrich's understanding of Christianity is not very different from conventional liberal theology (he cites Rudolf Bultmann as a typical example of a "non-fundamentalist biblical scholar"). When I asked him how proof that Christ was not a vegetarian would affect his faith, he argued that man has "evolved" since Christ's time: "Jesus doesn't condemn slavery or go as far in inclusivity for women and children as he might have." But Christ's message, says Friedrich, is "one of compassion," and so even if Christ were not a vegetarian, Christians today—evolved as we are—should be (just as Christians in 1860 should have been Abolitionists, and should have campaigned for women's suffrage in the early decades of this century).

Friedrich's emphasis on "compassion" points to an important difference between, say, the Catholic abstention from meat on Fridays (or even the Seventh Day Adventist abstention from meat altogether) and animal rights vegetarianism. Catholics abstain from meat as an act of sacrifice, the giving up of a positive good, for their own spiritual discipline, not because it is immoral to eat meat. Orthodox Christians spend up to a third of the year in fasting and abstinence, but as Orthodox Bishop Kallistos Ware writes in *The Orthodox Way*:

> We do not fast because there is anything in itself unclean about

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the act of eating and drinking. Food and drink are on the contrary God's gift, from which we are to partake with enjoyment and gratitude. We fast, not because we despise the divine gift, but so as to make ourselves aware that it is indeed a gift—so as to purify our eating and drinking, and to make them, no longer a concession to greed, but a sacrament and means of communion with the Giver.

But "Christian vegetarianism," with the welfare of animals as its motivation, is nothing more than "Social Gospel" Christianity applied to a new "victim" group.

I expected Friedrich to answer my final question—"As a Catholic, how do you reconcile the Eucharist with vegetarianism?"—by dismissing Christ's words in John 6:53-55 ("In all truth I tell you, if you do not eat of the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, you have no life in you. . . . For my flesh is real food and my blood is real drink") as another "parable." Instead, he defended transubstantiation, the Catholic doctrine that the bread and wine become Christ's body and blood, and argued that "it's not a violation of the spirit or principle of vegetarianism." But if "Christian vegetarianism" is not based on the avoidance of flesh, then what is its basis? Ultimately, according to Friedrich, "the issue has to do with consent and acting within a being's interest." Christ, in instituting the Eucharist, consented to the eating of his flesh. Animals, however, cannot offer such consent.

Which brings us back to Tucson, to the McCartney's ranch. If the taking of animals' lives is wrong simply because consent can never be given, what about the taking of a human life when consent *is* given? Could an animal rights activist like Linda McCartney go to Dr. Kevorkian with a clear conscience? Could an animal rights activist like Sir Paul morally stand by and watch his wife end her life? Could Dr. Kevorkian be an animal rights activist in good standing? The answer to all three questions, it would seem, is yes. By elevating animals above their natural position, humans denigrate their own lives, and Christianity is destroyed in the process.

Scott P. Richert is the assistant editor of Chronicles.

ECONOMICS

Perpetual War for Perpetual Commerce

by Bob Djurdjevic

"Talk is cheap," skeptics say. "Put your money where your mouth is." "Money talks louder than words." If these sayings still apply today, the wallets of the New World Order's elite have spoken loudly and clearly: Russia is still the main bogey!

Forget the cheap talk about a "Partnership for Peace." Conniving "friendships" like that are made in hell. They tend to lead to war, not peace, as the Hitler-Stalin pact of the 1930's proved. Also, forget the cheap talk about "nation building" and "exporting democracy" whenever our government sends money or American troops abroad. The investment decisions of the "Princes of the 20th Century"—the multinational companies—show where they are putting their money. They also prove that democracy is for suckers, and that "free trade" and "globalization" are mankind's latest "black plague."

Unfortunately, all this is "déjà vu all over again." Much of what took place in Britain in the 18th and 19th centuries is now happening in Russia, the United States, and around the world under the New World Order's "globalization" banner. A century ago, the rich got richer, the poor got poorer, and the resulting social injustices gave birth to such ideologies as communism. They also led to several revolutions and two world wars. We are facing the same prospects today.

Take the concentration of wealth, for example. In 1881, 2,512 Englishmen owned half the land in the United Kingdom. In 1994, the top 2.6 million (one percent) of Americans had as much after-tax income as did the bottom 88 million (35 percent), according to the Washington-based Center on Budget and Policy Priorities. The disparities between the rich and the poor in China, Russia, Latin America, and other countries which the NWO elite decided to "globalize" (read: colonize) are even greater than in the United States.

Or take the concentration of industrial production in the cities. In 1696, only a quarter of England's population lived in the cities. As agriculture was the dominant economic activity at the time, these statistics imply that three-quarters of Englishmen were economically self-sufficient, supporting themselves off the land on which they lived. By 1760, however, only half of the population lived in the countryside. And in 1881, with the Industrial Revolution in full swing, only one-third lived in rural areas. Such massive destruction of rural communities forced a radical change in the way of life for millions of people.

In the 1990's, the "Princes" of globalization shift manufacturing activities to countries with low-labor costs, thus causing high unemployment and the devastation of communities in the industrialized world (e.g., the "Rust Belt" of America, the textile mills of Lancashire) and breeding almost continuous labor unrest in France and social unrest in Latin America and Indonesia.

Nor was the British example from the 19th century a natural, voluntary shift of population from the countryside to the cities. Using their economic wealth to buy political clout in Britain's parliamentary system, a tiny minority of powerful landowners and newly minted industrialists (like today's transnationalists) drove the English farmers off the land, forcing them into virtual slave labor in factories. They did it either by buying up the impoverished farmers' land at fire-sale prices or by passing laws in Parliament which led to a break-up of the common ("freeholders") land.

Sound familiar? Remember "Reaganomics," or Margaret Thatcher's celebrated "privatization" in Great Britain in the 1980's? Or similar efforts currently under way in France, Germany, and several other "Old Continent" countries? The New World Order elite and their media outlets are telling the public that privatization is all goodness; that private enterprises can supposedly manage these endeavors more efficiently than governments.

Maybe. But at what price? And more importantly—to whose benefit? Obviously to the benefit of the enterprises' "new" shareholders (after privatization). But what about the interests of the former owners—the public? What about the corporate responsibility for improving instead of impoverishing society?

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Look at the Jeffrey Sachs-style "Harvard Capitalism," which many Russians nowadays justifiably regard as "Harvard Communism." In a typical Russian enterprise privatized under the Harvard-prescribed "voucher" system, 46 percent of the (grossly understated) value went to workers, five percent to management, 29 percent was sold at cash auctions, and the remaining 20 percent was left in the state's hands. As Anne Williamson wrote in *How America Built the New Russian Oligarchy*, this meant that "the state's shareholding dwarfed others' claims, and therefore, was still the controlling shareholder of any 'privatized' Russian asset."

Oh, but the public now gets a chance to buy shares in the companies being privatized, some will argue. True, but mostly at inflated prices. For stock market trading, where the New World Order architects "coincidentally" chose to place the privatized public assets, is conducted by institutions owned by this very elite. They even get the first crack to buy "public assets" at fire-sale prices. By the time we, the public, the former owners—now disowned by the corrupt politicians—get to bid on such privatized assets, it is usually at inflated prices. Plus we pay a commission, of course, to the transnationalists' institutions.

This plunder of national assets under the guise of "privatization" and "reform" is occurring around the world. For example, Latin America's intake of foreign capital rose in 1996 by 52 percent to $39 billion, the highest increase in the world and a record high for this continent. Investments in Argentina tripled in 1996 to $4.3 billion. If one compares these figures to the less than $1 billion per year which Russia averaged in the 1990's, one would think that Latin Americans are basking in prosperity. Not so.

Carlos Saul Menem, elected president of Argentina in 1989, has ruled like a czar, issuing over 300 decrees, according to a recent article in *Foreign Affairs*. Menem's globalization of the Argentine economy—meaning the sale of state-owned assets to foreign interests—has caused millions of Argentineans to become exiles in their own country. In the province of Jujuy, for example, some 42 percent of the people are unemployed or doing menial work, according to Bishop Marcelo Palentini. "They used to ask for raises; now they ask for jobs," he told the *New York Times*. YPF, a former state-owned Argentinean oil company, used to employ 5,000 people. It now has only 500 employees. But YPF made a $900 million profit in 1996, delighting its foreign owners.

"Menem thinks that by putting our country at the service of the International Monetary Fund, he brought us into the First World," said Carlos Santillan, a union leader in Jujuy. "But workers have lost in a few years rights they fought for over a century. We're a colony here. All that is missing is to have Clinton come here and plant the American flag."

But Clinton won't have to disgrace our flag any more than he has already done, because the "Princes" do it for him. At the Wal-Mart store in Buenos Aires, an Argentine flag flutters over a sign reading, "Proudly in Argentina." "What is clear is that it is changing the Argentine way of life: families buy their bicycles here, sometimes using dollars; the corner bicycle store is no more," the *New York Times* reported. Wherever the American dollar is the currency of choice, the "Princes of the 20th Century" have claimed yet another colony.

As the multinationals drove many of Argentina's small entrepreneurs out of business, some of the American globalist elite—Ted Turner, George Soros, Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and others—have moved in and taken over the lands where gauchos once freely roamed. "There are more fences going up in Patagonia as the internationally wealthy install themselves on newly acquired estates," the *New York Times* reported. "I used to go and camp or fish but now I hear that Ted Turner is here, Rambo there, the Terminator somewhere else. And I say, no, this is not my Argentina," said Orlando Mendes, a local resident.

Foreign investors are not impervious, however, to the risks of "divided societies," as the *New York Times* refers to Brazil, Argentina's bigger neighbor which has until recently mostly resisted the globalization pressures. But Brazil has now surpassed Mexico as the largest recipient of foreign investments—nearly $10 billion in 1996 vs. Mexico's $7.5 billion. Yet in early 1998, five Wal-Mart stores in Brazil were attacked and robbed by assailants armed with assault rifles. Such social unrest was Brazil's "reward" for opening its doors to foreign capital, just as has been the case in Russia and other developing countries.

So what are we to conclude from all of this? Where the "Princes" tread, crime, misery, and social unrest soon follow. Just like when the elite of the Industrial Revolution dislocated and enslaved the formerly independent farmers. "So, the more things change, the more they stay the same"?

Not quite. Sometimes they get worse. The imbalance in capital investments between China and Russia, for example, is bad news for world peace. The fact that such political instability is being caused deliberately makes a mockery of the globalists' line—"world peace through world trade." On the contrary, a state of low-grade perpetual war seems to be what Big Business wants.

Why? To answer that question, let's move on to the Balkans and the Middle East. In the Balkans, American policies have stoked the fires of war, which led to the greatest human and material carnage in Europe since World War II. Since the American-imposed "peace" agreement signed in Dayton, Ohio, in November 1995, 98 percent of foreign investment has ended up in the Muslim-Croat federation. The Serbian half of Bosnia got only two percent of foreign aid. So the war against the Orthodox Christian Serbs continues. It's just that money has replaced the bombs as the weapon of choice.

Now, which will be the first country where NATO will be deployed? Answer: Bosnia! In fact, NATO has already been deployed in Bosnia for about five years, however surreptitiously. And it is there to stay. Just as American troops never left the Arab lands after the Gulf War.

The similarities between American actions in both areas are striking. Another small country, another "hot" region of the world, another opportunity for the West (America in particular) to flex its muscles.

The United States built up Saddam Hussein's military capabilities in the 1980's. During the Iraq-Iran war, for example, the United States and Great Britain supplied Iraq with most of the terrible weapons of mass destruction. The French and the Germans also pitched in. And then, Iraq suddenly becomes a bogey in 1990. If peace in the Middle East were indeed the objective of the New World Order leaders, the Gulf War troops could have easily taken Baghdad and dislodged Saddam Hussein in 1991. But no, George Bush decided to save Saddam for another President to use as a punching bag.

Why would the New World Order leaders want perpetual low-grade wars?

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Once again, follow the money. What country leads the whole world in the growth of its gross domestic product (GDP)? Answer: Bosnia! Bosnia's GDP increased by 50 percent in 1996, the first post-Dayton year, according to the *Economist*. What nation came second? Albania, another country which has just had a close brush with civil war, and where international troops and monitors are now deployed as "peacekeepers."

Closer to home, we've seen similar tactics at work in Panama, El Salvador, and Haiti. A planeload of American business executives, ready to start writing reconstruction contracts, arrived in Panama City in 1989 while the street fighting was still going on. The former head of OPIC (Overseas Private Investment Corporation), Fred Zeder, told me this when we met in Washington in June 1990. Ron Brown's ill-fated 1996 mission landed in Bosnia and Croatia even before all the I-FOR troops had been deployed.

See a pattern? First destroy them, then take over and rebuild them. It puts a "black humor" spin on an old one-liner: What's the difference between mechanical and civil engineers? Answer: Mechanical engineers build the weapons; civil engineers build the targets. Either way, both the destruction and the rebuilding helps keep the bankers and multinationals humming; either way, Big Business wins.

Isn't it interesting that seemingly unrelated events—Bosnia, the expansion of NATO, the perpetual Middle Eastern crisis—all have one common denominator: increased spending? The object is not to win. It is to prolong the foreign deployment, because this means increased spending. More money for the "Princes"; more tax burdens and body bags for Main Street.

Which is why it's worth recalling President Dwight Eisenhower's warning to the nation in his farewell speech in 1961: "In the councils of government, we must guard against acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist. We must never let the weight of that combination endanger our liberties or democratic process."

Bob Djurdjevic heads up Annex Research (www.djurdjevic.com) *and Truth in Media* (www.beograd.com/truth).

REGIONALISM

Maryland, the South's Forgotten Cousin

by Joyce Bennett

As recently as the 1930's, elderly black people in rural Maryland were still keeping headstrong children in line with the admonition that something called "pattiroll" would "get" them if they didn't behave themselves. "Pattirolls," or patrols, were gangs of Union Army soldiers who rode throughout the moonlit countryside enforcing curfews in occupied Maryland during the War Between the States, and they are just one small aspect of the era's ironic and intriguing history, a history often misquoted by Northern liberal, Southern sellout, and cross-burning bigot, each to his own end.

In the spring of 1967, I saw the Ku Klux Klan parade down York Road in Towson, Maryland. Although their color guard carried the Confederate, the Maryland, and the United States flags, of the three only the Stars and Bars has unfortunately become America's premier symbol of hatred and is most closely connected with the Klan. Any attempt, however, to prove that the flag stands for liberty, not racism, is lost on people whose heads are filled with welfarist legend. Also lost on most is the importance of the events which occurred in Maryland prior to and during the War for Southern Independence, but the drama of this little border state and of her people is central to any serious discussion of Calhoun's irrepressible conflict.

The question of whether Maryland was more Southern or Northern in temperament has been debated, but I believe that the words of our state song, soon to be outlawed by the Northeastern expatriates and homegrown political "Step'n'Fetchits" in Annapolis, would not have survived to this day if the former were not true. A native of the Old Line State, James Ryder Randall, wrote the words to "Maryland, My Maryland" while living in Louisiana, to commemorate the citizens' uprising (called a "riot" by Northern historians) which occurred on April 19, 1861, when the Sixth Massachusetts came marching through Baltimore. In spite of the fact that "Maryland, My Maryland" was one of the most popular songs among Confederate troops, there was some Southern resentment towards the state because Baltimore merchants were believed to have sold food and other items to the South at inflated prices. But like New Orleans, Baltimore (after it fell to Lincoln's forces) was not in charge of its fortunes, and those controlling Baltimore commerce were not Marylanders. More typical of Baltimore and Maryland were the sisters Constance and Hettie Cary who, using material from their best party dresses, made a Confederate battle flag and presented it to General Pierre Beauregard. Baltimore's ladies also wore red to show their Southern loyalty even after Confederate emblems were banned by the occupation army. And without a penny's profit, countless partisans throughout the state risked death by hanging for smuggling contraband to Virginia to support the Southern cause. But the misconceptions persisted, and even at Chimborazo Hospital in Richmond, Marylanders, wounded and dying for the Confederacy, were shunned by the other patients.

Any Southern ill will directed at Marylanders might have resulted from the high hopes the South had for their state early in the war. A.L. Long, military secretary to General Lee, talked about Lee's disappointment when the Army of Northern Virginia crossed the Potomac into Maryland in September 1862. Lee had expected the people of Maryland to rebel against the iron heel of the North and join the Confederates when his liberation army arrived. But Lee's army was rescuing a state populated by women, children, old men, and Lincoln's garrisons. The fighting men were already fighting for the South and the North, although how many native Marylanders actually served on either side is unknown. Federal records concerning Maryland enlistees and conscripts cannot be trusted any more than can the results of the militarily controlled elections held in the state after 1860. Fearing reprisals from Mr. Lincoln's men, as the Yankee soldiers were known, the families of those who "absconded South" did not advertise the Confederate service of their sons, brothers, and husbands. Maryland was at least as Southern in her sympathies as Kentucky, but Kentucky,

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which provided 75,000 Union soldiers, has almost become synonymous with the South, while Maryland, if anyone notices her at all, has been moved north of the Mason-Dixon Line.

As evidenced by the election of 1860, Maryland's politics prior to the occupation mirrored those of the South. The election results belie the revisionist contention that only Maryland's southernmost counties and her Eastern Shore were aligned with the rest of the South, while the western and central sections of the state were sympathetic to the North. Lincoln and Douglas together received less than ten percent of Marylanders' votes. Although secessionist fervor was rampant on the Eastern Shore and in the lower counties of the Western Shore—people in St. Mary's to this day still remember the name of the only man in the county who voted for Lincoln—the majority of Marylanders, like the majority of Southerners, voted either for Breckenridge or for Bell, both supporters of states' rights. In spite of the fact that Maryland was home to more free blacks than any other state in the union, Breckenridge, considered the extremist Southern candidate, was favored, if just by 737 votes, over the more moderate Bell. But in the aftermath of Fort Sumter and Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers, Maryland, laboring under the illusion that she was a free and sovereign state, hesitated in seceding because she was waiting to see whether her "erring" sister Virginia would depart. By the time Maryland's legislators, the majority of whom were secessionists, were to meet to vote on the matter of secession, Northern troops had crossed Maryland's border, and Lincoln had suspended *habeas corpus* and ordered the arrest of the General Assembly.

Supreme Court Chief Justice Roger Taney was one of many Marylanders who stood up to Lincoln and his outrages. Taney, like Sir Thomas More, would have given the Devil himself benefit of law and defended unionist, secessionist, slaveholder, and Abolitionist alike from a fast and loose interpretation of the Constitution. While he denounced slavery from the bench and freed his own slaves years before the war, Taney is most famous for delivering the majority opinion in the *Dred Scott* v. *Sandford* case of 1857, a ruling which many believe led directly to the war. In 1861, the pro-union Chief Justice challenged Lincoln's constitutional abuses. The arrogant dismissal by Lincoln's agents of the writs of attachment and *habeas corpus* issued by Taney in the John Merryman trial in May of that year, however, left Taney with no recourse but to ask Lincoln to render to Maryland that which was her birthright.

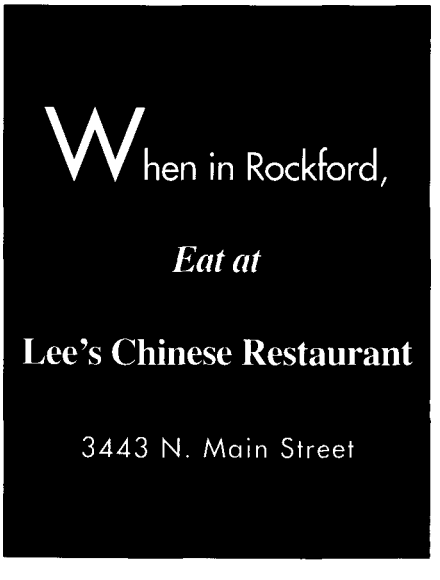
Along with Taney, other Marylanders were key players during these turbulent times. Born in Charles County, Rose O'Neal Greenhow, known as Rebel Rose, engaged in espionage right under the enemy's noses in Washington, D.C., and provided the military intelligence that contributed to Beauregard's victory over McDowell at First Manassas. Also from Charles County, Admiral Raphael Semmes served the Confederacy as the commander of the *Alabama*. Henry Kyd Douglas from Washington County in western Maryland rode at Stonewall's side until the general's death following Chancellorsville, and maintained in his memoirs that the Barbara Fritchie tale told by Whittier was a Yankee fabrication. And of course, southern Maryland's Dr. Samuel Mudd is famous for setting the broken leg of the era's most notorious villain, Bel Air-born John Wilkes Booth—actor, assassin, and charmer of boarding-house proprietress Mary Elizabeth Surratt, also a Marylander. An aging widow beguiled by the handsome Booth, Mrs. Surratt paid dearly for her infatuation: following a hellish imprisonment, she was hanged as a co-conspirator in the assassination of Lincoln. A devout Catholic, she swore her innocence from the Old Capitol Prison gallows even after she had received the last rites of the Church.

Without skewing events in favor of a feminist ideology, historians will find that women have always been prominent in Maryland's history. In an Episcopal churchyard in Chaptico lies Catharine Hayden, another heroine of the war. Known as the Angel of Chaptico, she was a young epileptic woman who, at great peril to her life, obtained medicines from her physician brother-in-law and tended to the suffering Confederate soldiers who often hid themselves in the woods surrounding her home. Hungry, wounded, and seeking aid, Confederates continuously crossed the Potomac into southern Maryland using a well-developed ferry system. As late as the turn of the century, Catharine Hayden's family received letters of condolence from all over the South when Southern veterans, attending reunions years after the war, learned of her death on December 26, 1872.

At first glance, there might seem to be a contradiction in honoring both secessionist Catharine Hayden and Frederick Douglass, who rose up from bondage on a plantation on Maryland's Eastern Shore and escaped to the "Promised Land" only to be attacked, while on speaking tours, by mobs in Pennsylvania, New York, and Indiana. But both were fighting for freedom. Douglass, a spell-binding orator and statesman, prevailed over the Northern and Southern racialism of the times without benefit of affirmative action or welfare. The same revisionists who hope that we never learn that Yankee slavers, Europeans, and even some Africans all profited from slavery would also trivialize Douglass's victory over slavery in their endeavors to pretty up America's history.

A few years ago, a local paper representing not-so-local interests featured an article about Sotterly Plantation on the Patuxent River in southern Maryland. The article described the plantation director's reluctance to repair Sotterly's rapidly deteriorating slave quarters because he believed that by restoring the cabins he was condoning slavery. When I read the article, I wondered how one individual had grown so great that he could presume to question the wisdom of preserving the last vestiges of Maryland's past.

Because little remains of our Southern identity, Marylanders can afford no more tampering with our history. Our oystermen and tobacco farmers are already museum pieces. They're nailing up brass whales everywhere and opening "ye olde Yankee shoppes" in towns like St. Michael's; "you guys" is replacing



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"y'all"; and the billboard sign that greets the traffic crossing the Potomac into the Free State from King George County, Virginia, proclaims "Maryland Enjoy," a greeting that would be more at home in Brooklyn. Although our state song might soon be replaced with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—a few years ago there was even a move in Annapolis to replace jousting with duckpin bowling as our state sport—an objective look at Maryland's history could at least provide some valuable lessons in liberties gained and lost. But there is little interest in the history of a very small state which many people can't even find on a map. A good friend of mine was living in Missouri when she and her husband were relocated to Maryland with his company. She told me that, before the move, she had been excited about living in a place where old sea captains speaking in broad, colorful Irish brogues (like the madman Quint in *Jaws*) stoically hauled in their lobster pots all the day long. If you ask people where West Virginia is, they will tell you way down South. But the bulk of West Virginia, the region of Virginia that seceded from the Old Dominion in 1861 to join the Union, is roughly parallel with Maryland.

A Southerner, however, is not defined by latitude, the thickness of his accent, or whether he abides by the rules of behavior set forth in the popular paperback books on how to be Southern in ten easy lessons. Virginians are quintessential Southerners, and their accents (they have more than one) pale in comparison to the Texas drawl. Being Southern isn't just a matter of whether you ever had poke salad, country ham, or roast possum with sweet potatoes. It is something you feel deep in your bones, no matter how anyone else defines you. You know that you are a true Southerner when you are reluctant to visit the hard, rocky battlefields of Gettysburg, when you return time after time to the house at Guinea Station, Virginia, where Jackson died, and when you realize that you cannot tolerate even one more day of the rudeness, braggadocio, and clamor imposed upon you by the culture of the Northeast.

People from Dawsonville, Georgia, will be puzzled by my claim that I am one of them, and an acquaintance once suggested that my attempts to identify myself as Southern were pointless and a bit peculiar. But I will always remember the day my seventh-grade physical education teacher, a West Virginian, called my fellow classmates and me Yankees. Standing there in a rumpled gym suit, I felt as if I had been called a dirty word. I had always possessed an affinity for the South but didn't fully realize then—in spite of the gym teacher's lack of knowledge of history and geography—that I was a Southerner.

When the Navy came to my county in the 1940's, the locals tended to embrace the culture of these transients and sometimes modified their accent to accommodate the ethnocentrism of their new neighbors. My mother—who is still very beautiful at 70 and who speaks in softly Southern nuances—confided to me that a Northern woman, unschooled in our ancient dialect, had once ridiculed her for pronouncing the word "humble" with a silent "h." Before I lost most of my accent, I had also been criticized at times for my way of speaking. When I was in elementary school, a cousin, who had been educated in private academies and had lived most of her young life in South America, came to visit one Easter week. During the course of the visit, the subject of boiled eggs arose, and my cousin pointed out that my pronunciation of the word "boiled," which to her ears sounded like "bald," was incorrect. Years later, when I was working on the Navy Base at Patuxent River, Maryland, a co-worker, a woman from New York state, also took it upon herself to correct my accent. She informed me that the proper pronunciation of the word "pecan" was "pi-káhn." Less secure in my identity at the time, I changed the way I said the word. Today, however, I say "peé-can" to my heart's content, and "New Yawkers" be damned.

In the 1970's, 90 miles from the Canadian border and surrounded by endless acres of winter, I figured out exactly who I was. When I first moved to Minnesota, I was homesick, but eventually developed a deep affection for Minnesotans, who are intelligent and hospitable people. But after I had been in the Land of 10,000 Lakes for a while, I was able to hear my family's modest accent for the first time, and from such a distance, I could more fully appreciate the people down home. Since my self-discovery in Minnesota, I have tried to tell Maryland's story even when no one was listening. Those who write essays on Old Virginny's swan song do not first have to make the case that what is dying is Southern culture because Virginia's culture and her history have been well documented. The growth of D.C.'s military and governmental complex since World War II, and the influx of Northerners to Maryland because of the recession in the early 1990's and more recently because of military base closings, have sealed Maryland's fate. But as the culture of fox hunter, soft crabber, and moonshiner fades and is replaced by the manic urbiculture of the Garden State, a fair and accurate accounting of Maryland's past could destroy a few myths about the birth of a nation and about the South's desperate but honorable stand against the tyranny of Honest Abe and his North.

Joyce Bennett writes from Leonardtown, Maryland.

LIBERAL ARTS

ANIMAL WRONGS

"The perspective piece by John Aquillino [whose son's life was saved as a result of medical research on animals] relates the typical egocentric viewpoint of the vivisectionists. . . . John's son's life is no more or less important than any other animal's life, no matter how much his emotions tell him otherwise."

—*from "Response to a Parent's Plea" by Jerry Vlasak, M.D., on the* Animal Rights Resource *website*

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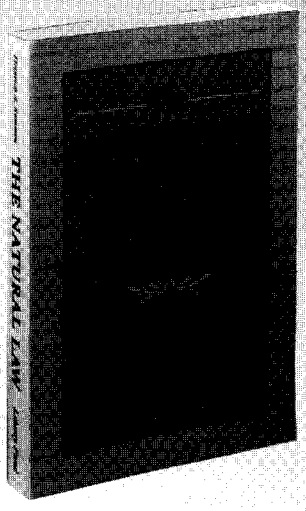
THE NATURAL LAW

A Study in Legal and Social History and Philosophy

By Heinrich A. Rommen
Introduction by Russell Hittinger



Originally published in German in 1936, *The Natural Law* is the first work to clarify the differences between traditional natural law as represented in the writings of Cicero, Aquinas, and Hooker and the revolutionary doctrines of natural rights espoused by Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau. Beginning with the legacies of Greek and Roman life and thought, Rommen traces the natural law tradition to its displacement by legal positivism and concludes with what the author calls "the reappearance" of natural law thought in more recent times. In seven chapters each Rommen explores "The History of the Idea of Natural Law" and "The Philosophy and Content of the Natural Law." In his introduction, Russell Hittinger places Rommen's work in the context of contemporary debate on the relevance of natural law to philosophical inquiry and constitutional interpretation.

Heinrich Rommen (1897–1967) taught in Germany and England before concluding his distinguished scholarly career at Georgetown University.

Russell Hittinger is professor of philosophy and law at the University of Tulsa.

229 + xxii pages. Introduction, translator's preface, select bibliography, index.

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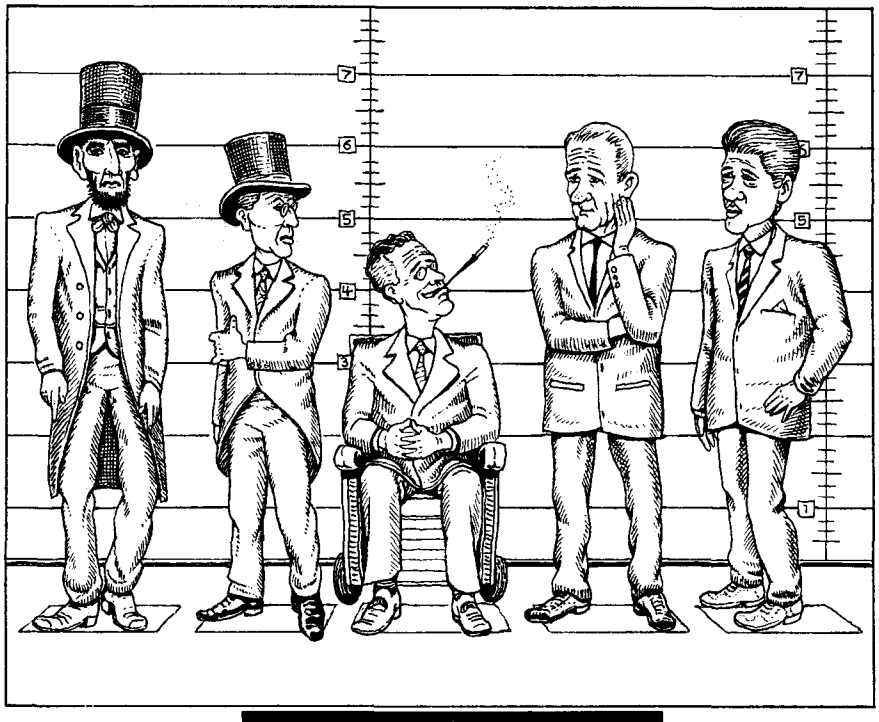

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